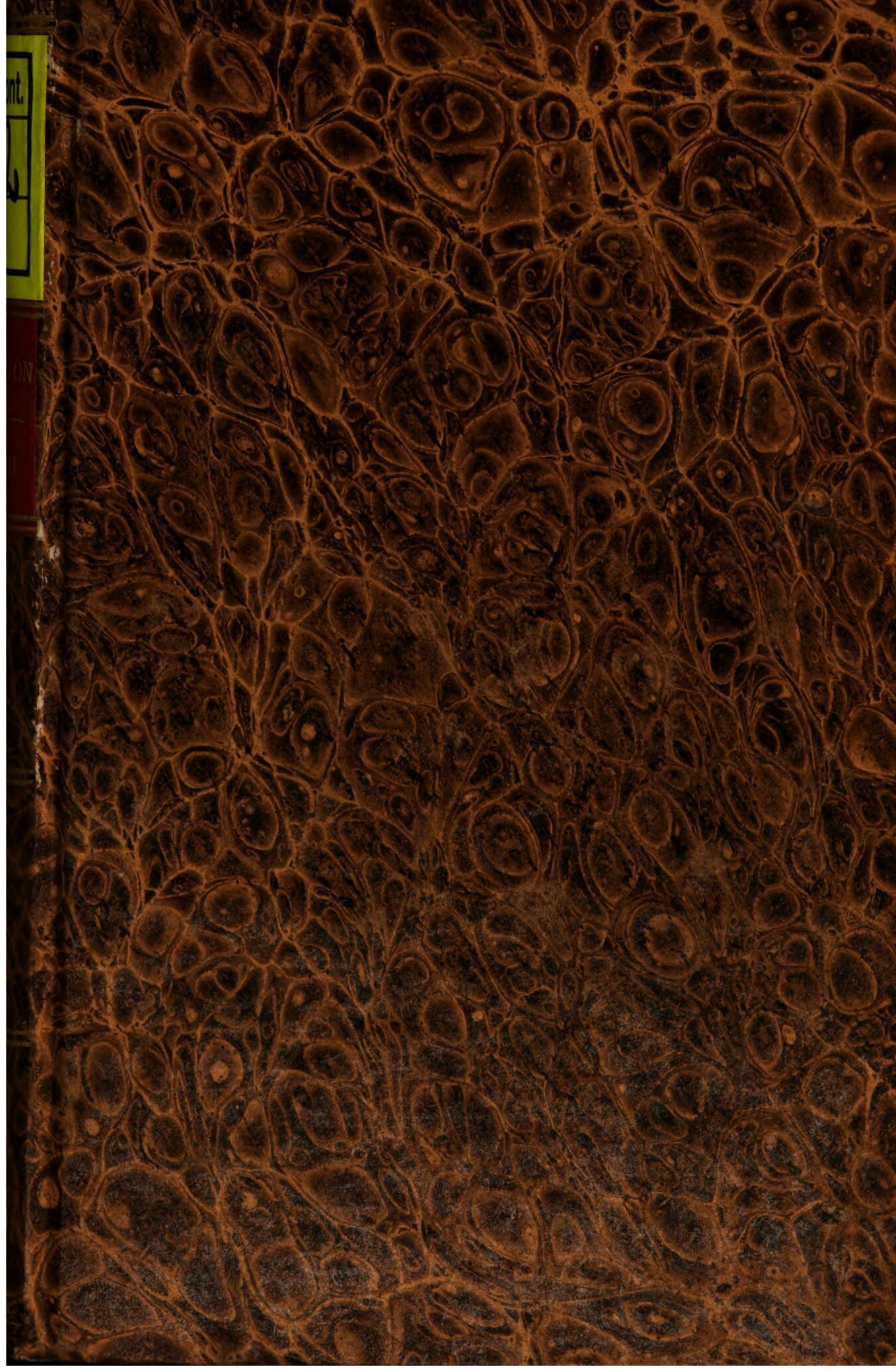




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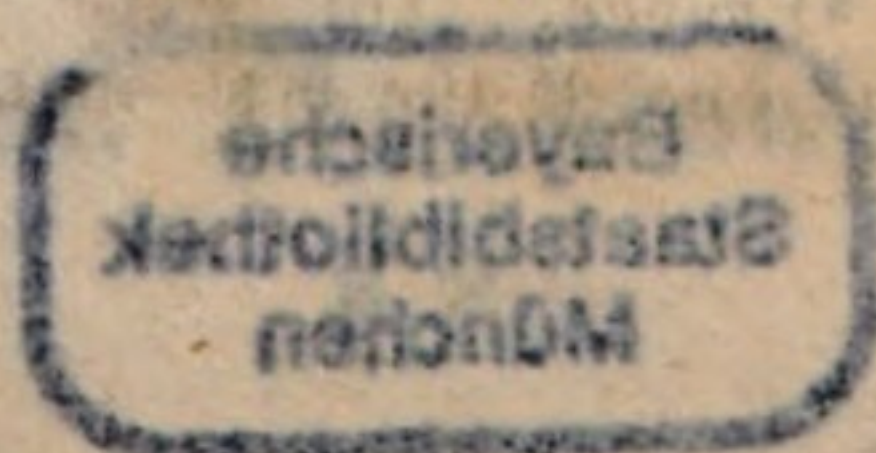
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GLENARVON.

Disperato dolor, chè il cor mi preme
Già pur pensando, pria che ne favelle.

VOL. III.



GLÉNARVON

CHAPITRE III

GLÉNARVON

Disperito dolor, ché il cor mi preme
Ch' pur pensando, pris che ne favelle.

VOL. III

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GLENARVON.

CHAPTER LXXII.

LOVE, though, when guilty, the parent of every crime, springs forth in the noblest hearts, and dwells ever with the generous and the high-minded. The flame that is kindled by Heaven burns brightly and steadily to the last, its object great and superior, sustained by principle, and incapable of change. But, when the flame is unsupported by these pure feelings, it rages and consumes us, burns up and destroys every noble hope, perverts the mind, and fills with craft and falsehood every avenue to the heart. Then that which was a paradise, becomes a hell; and the victim of its power, a maniac and a fiend. They know not the force

of passion, who have not felt it—they know not the agony of guilt, who have not plunged into its burning gulf, and trembled there. O! when the rigorous and the just turn with abhorrence from the fearful sight—when, like the pharisee, in the pride of their unpolluted hearts, they bless their God that they are not as this sinner—let them beware; for the hour of trial may come to all; and that alone is the test of superior strength. When man, reposing upon himself, disdains the humility of acknowledging his offences, and his weakness before his Creator, on the sudden that angry God sees fit to punish him in his wrath, and he who has appeared invulnerable till that hour, falls prostrate at once before the blow: perhaps then, for the first time, he relents; and, whilst he sinks himself, feels for the sinner whom, in the pride and presumption of his happier day, he had mocked at and despised. There are trials, which human frailty

cannot resist—there are passions implanted in the heart's core, which reason cannot subdue; and God himself compassionates, when a fellow-creature refuses to extend to us his mercy or forgiveness.

Fallen, miserable Calantha! where now are the promises of thy youth—the bright prospects of thy happiness? Where is that unclouded brow—that joyous look of innocence which once bespoke a heart at ease? Is it the same, who, with an air of fixed and sullen despondency, flying from a father's house, from a husband's protection, for one moment resolved to seek the lover whom she adored, and follow him, regardless of every other tie? Even in that hour of passion and of guilt, the remembrance of her husband, of her sacred promise to her aunt, and of that gentle supplicating look with which it was received, recurred. A moment's reflection changed the rash resolve; and hastening forward,

she knew not where—she cared not to what fate—she found herself after a long and weary walk at the vicar's house, near Kelladon—a safe asylum and retreat.

The boat which had conveyed her from the shore returned; and a few hours after brought Glenarvon to the other side of the rocks, known in the country by the name of the Wizzard's Glen, and oftentimes the scene of tumult and rebellious meeting. Calantha little expected to see him. He met her towards evening, as weary and trembling she stood, uncertain where to fly, or what to do. The moment of meeting was terrible to both; but that which followed was more agonizing still. A servant of her father's had discovered her after a long search. He informed her of her aunt's illness and terror. He humbly, but firmly, urged her instantly to return.

Calantha had resolved never to do so; but, lost as she was, the voice of her

aunt still had power to reach her heart.—
“Is she very ill?” “Very dangerously ill,” said the man; and without a moments delay, she immediately consented to return. She resolved to part from him she adored; and Glenarvon generously agreed to restore her to her aunt, whose sufferings had affected his heart—whose prayers had moved him, as he said, to the greatest sacrifice he ever was called upon to make. Yet still he upbraided her for her flight, and affirmed, that had she but confided herself in him, she had long before this have been far away from scenes so terrible to witness, and been spared a state of suspense so barbarous to endure. Whilst he spoke, he gazed upon her with much sadness.

“I will leave you,” he said; “but the time may come when you will repent, and call in vain for me. They may tear my heart from out my breast—they may tear thee from me, if it is their mad desire. I shall or die, or recover, or forget thee.

But oh! miserable victim—what shall become of thee? Do they hope their morality will unteach the lessons I have given; or pluck my image from that heart? Thou art mine, wedded to me, sold to me; and no after-time can undo for thee, what I have done. Go; for I can relinquish thee. But have they taught thee, what it is to part from him you love? never again to hear his voice—never again to meet those eyes, whose every turn and glance you have learned to read and understand?”

Calantha could not answer. “You will write kindly and constantly to me,” at length she said. “May God destroy me in his vengeance,” cried Glenarvon eagerly, “if, though absent, I do not daily, nay, hourly think of thee, write to thee, live for thee! Fear not, thou loved one. There was a time when inconstancy had been a venial error—when insecure of thy affections, and yet innocent, to fly thee had been a

duty, to save thee had been an angel's act of mercy and of virtue;—but now when thou art mine; when, sacrificing the feelings of thy heart for others, thou dost leave me—can you believe that I would add to your grief and increase my own. Can you believe him you love so base as this? Oh! yes, Calantha, I have acted the part of such a villain to your lost friend, that even you mistrust me.” She reassured him: “I have given my very soul to you, O! Glenarvon. I believe in you, as I once did in Heaven. I had rather doubt myself and every thing than you.”

She now expressed an anxiety to return and see her aunt. “Yet, Calantha, it may perhaps be said that you have fled to me. The stain then is indelible. Think of it, my beloved; and think, if I myself conduct you back, how the malevolent, who are ever taunting you, will say that I wished not to retain you. They know me not; they guess not

what I feel; and the world, ever apt to judge by circumstances imperfectly related, will imagine"..... "At such a moment," said Calantha, impatiently, "it is of little importance what is thought. When the heart suffers keenly, not all the sayings of others are of weight. Let them think the worst, and utter what they think. When we fall, as I have done, we are far beyond their power: the venom'd shaft of malice cannot wound; for the blow under which we sink is alone heeded. I feel now but this, that I am going to part from you."

Glenarvon looked at her, and the tears filled his eyes. "Thy love," he said, "was the last light of Heaven, that beamed upon my weary pilgrimage: thy presence recalled me from error: thy soft voice stilled every furious passion. It is all past now—I care not what becomes of me." As he spoke, they approached the boat, and entering it, sailed with a gentle breeze across the bay. Not a

wave rippled over the sea—not a cloud obscured the brightness of the setting sun. “How tranquil and lovely is the evening!” said Glenarvon, as the bark floated upon the smooth surface. “It is very calm now,” she replied, as she observed the serenity of his countenance. “But, ah! who knows how soon the dreadful storms may arise, and tear us to destruction.”

The boat now touched the shore, where a crowd of spectators were assembled—some watching from the top of the high cliff, and others idly gazing upon the sea. The figure of Elinor distinctly appeared amongst the former, as bending forward, she eagerly watched for Glenarvon. Her hat and plume distinguished her from the crowd; and the harp, her constant companion, sounded at intervals on the breeze, in long and melancholy cadences. Her dark wild eye fixed itself upon him as he approached. “It is my false lover,”

she said, and shrieked. "Hasten, dearest Calantha," he cried, "from this spot, where we are so much observed. That wretched girl may, perhaps, follow us. Hasten; for see with what rapidity she advances." "Let her come," replied Calantha. "I am too miserable myself to turn from those that are unhappy." Elinor approached: she gazed on them as they passed: she strained her eyes to catch one last glimpse of Glenarvon as he turned the path.

Many of his friends, retainers and followers were near. He bowed to all with gracious courtesy; but upon Elinor he never cast his eyes. "He's gone!" she cried, shouting loudly, and addressing herself to her lawless associates, in the language they admired. "He is gone; and peace be with him; for he is the leader of the brave." They now passed on in silence to the castle; but Elinor, returning to her harp, struck the chords with enthusiasm, whilst the caverns of the

mountains re-echoed to the strain. The crowd who had followed loudly applauded, joining in the chorus to the well-known sound of

“Erin m'avourneen—Erin go brah.”

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE moment of enthusiasm was past; the setting sun warned every straggler and passenger to return. Some had a far distant home to seek; others had left their wives or their children. Elinor turned from the golden light which illuminated the west, and gazed in agony upon the gloomy battlements of St. Alvin Priory, yet resplendent with the last parting ray. Of all who followed her, few only now remained to watch her steps. She bade them meet her at the cavern at the accustomed hour. She was weary, and feigned that till then she would sleep. This she did to disembarass herself of them.

Upon raising herself after a little time, they were gone. It was dark—it was

lonely. She sat and mused upon the cliff, till the pale moon broke through the clouds, and tipped every wave with its soft and silvery light.—“The moon shines bright and fair,” she said: “the shadows pass over it. Will my lover come again to me? It is thy voice, Glenarvon, which sings sweetly and mournfully in the soft breeze of night.

My heart's fit to break, yet no tear fills my eye,
As I gaze on the moon, and the clouds that flit by.
The moon shines so fair, it reminds me of thee;
But the clouds that obscure it, are emblems of me.

They will pass like the dream of our pleasures and
youth;

They will pass like the promise of honor and truth;
And bright thou shalt shine, when these shadows
are gone,

All radiant—serene—unobscur'd; but alone.

“And did he pass me so coldly by?
And did he not once look on me?” she
said. “But I will not weep: he shall
not break my spirit and heart. Let him

do so to the tame doves for whom he has forsaken me. Let such as Alice and Calantha die for his love : I will not."— She took her harp : her voice was tired and feeble. She faintly murmured the feelings of her troubled soul. It sounded like the wind, as it whispered through the trees, or the mournful echo of some far distant flute.

SONG.

And can'st thou bid my heart forget

What once it lov'd so well;

That look—that smile, when first we met;

That last—that sad farewell?

Ah ! no : by ev'ry pang I've prov'd,

By ev'ry fond regret,

I feel, though I no more am lov'd,

I never—can forget.

I wish'd to see that face again,

Although 'twere chang'd to me :

I thought it not such madd'ning pain

As ne'er to look on thee.

But, oh! 'twas torture to my breast,
To meet thine alter'd eye,
To see thee smile on all the rest,
Yet coldly pass me by.

Even now, when ev'ry hope is o'er
To which I.....

“Are these poetical effusions ended?”
said a soft voice from behind.—She started;
and turning round, beheld the figure
of a man enveloped in a dark military
cloak, waiting for her upon the cliff.—
“What a night it is! not a wave on the
calm sea: not a cloud in the Heavens.
See how the mountain is tinged with the
bright moonshine. Are you not chilled—
are you not weary; wandering thus
alone?” “I am prepared to follow you,”
said Elinor, “though not as a mistress,
yet as a slave.” “I do not love you,”
said the man, approaching her. “Oh, even
if you were to hang about and kneel
to me as once, I cannot love you! Yet
it once was pleasant to be so loved; was it,

not?" "I think not of it now," said Elinor, while a proud blush burned on her cheek. "This is no time for retrospection." "Let us hasten forwards, by the light of the moon: I perceive that we are late.—Have you forgiven me?" "There are injuries, Glenarvon, too great to be forgiven: speak not of the past: let us journey on."

The lashing of the waves against the rocks, alone disturbed the silence of this scene. They walked in haste by each others side, till they passed Craig Allen Point, and turned into the mouth of a deep cavern. Whispers were then heard from every side—the confusion of strange voices, the jargon of a foreign dialect, the yells and cries of the mutineers and discontented. "Strike a light," said Elinor's companion, in a commanding tone, as he advanced to the mouth of the rock.—In a moment, a thousand torches blazed around, whilst shouts of joy proclaimed a welcome to the visitor,

who was accosted with every mark of the most obsequious devotion.

“How many have taken the oath to-night?” said a stout ill-looking man, advancing to the front line. “Sure, Citizen Conner, fifty as brave boys as ever suck’d whiskey from the mother country,” answered O’Kelly from within. The ferocious band of rebels were now ordered forward, and stood before their leader; some much intoxicated, and all exhibiting strange marks of lawless and riotous insubordination. “We’ll pay no tythes to the parsons,” said one. “We’ll go to mass, that we will, our own way.” “We’ll be entirely free.” “There shall be no laws amongst us.” “We’ll reform every thing, won’t we?” “And turn all intruders out with the tyrants.” “Here’s to the Emerald Isle! Old Ireland for ever! Erin for ever!” “Come, my brave boys,” shouted forth one Citizen Cobb, “this night get yourselves pikes—make yourselves arms. Beg, buy,

or steal, and bring them here privately at the next meeting. We'll send your names in to the directory. Fear nothing, we will protect you: we'll consider your grievances. Only go home peaceably, some one way, and some another—by twos, by threes. Let us be orderly as the king's men are. We are free men; and indeed free men can make as good soldiers."

"I would fain speak a few words, citizen, before we part to-night. The hour is not yet ripe; but you have been all much wronged. My heart bleeds for your wrongs. Every tear that falls from an Irishman is like a drop of the heart's best blood: is't not so, gentlemen? Ye have been much aggrieved; but there is one whom ye have for your leader, who feels for your misfortunes; who will not live among you to see you wronged: and who, though having nothing left for himself, is willing to divide his property amongst you all to the last shilling. See

there, indeed, he stands amongst us. Say, shall he speak to you?" "Long life to him—let him speak to us." "Hear him." "Let there be silence as profound as death." "Sure and indeed we'll follow him to the grave." "Och, he's a proper man!" A thousand voices having thus commanded silence:

"Irishmen," said Glenarvon, throwing his dark mantle off, and standing amidst the grotesque and ferocious rabble, like some God from a higher world—"Irishmen, our country shall soon be free:—you are about to be avenged. That vile government, which has so long, and so cruelly oppressed you, shall soon be no more! The national flag—the sacred green, shall fly over the ruins of despotism; and that fair capital, which has too long witnessed the debauchery, the plots, the crimes of your tyrants, shall soon be the citadel of triumphant patriotism and virtue. Even if we fail, let us die defending the rights of man—

the independence of Ireland. Let us remember that as mortals we are liable to the contingencies of failure; but that an unalterable manliness of mind, under all circumstances, is erect and unsubdued. If you are not superior to your antagonist in experience and skill, be so in intrepidity. Art, unsupported by skill, can perform no service. Against their superior practice, array your superior daring; for on the coward, who forgets his duty in the hour of danger, instant punishment shall fall; but the brave, who risk their lives for the general cause, shall receive immediate distinction and reward.—Arise then, united sons of Ireland—arise like a great and powerful people, determined to live free or die.”

Shouts of applause for a moment interrupted Glenarvon. Then, as if inspired with renewed enthusiasm, he proceeded: “Citizens, or rather shall I not say, my friends; for such you have proved yourselves to me, my own and

dear countrymen ; for though an exile, whom misfortune from infancy has pursued, I was born amongst you, and first opened my delighted eyes amidst these rocks and mountains, where it is my hope and ambition yet to dwell. The hour of independence approaches. Let us snap the fetters by which tyrants have encompassed us around : let us arouse all the energies of our souls ; call forth all the merit and abilities, which a vicious government has long consigned to obscurity ; and under the conduct of great and chosen leaders, march with a steady step to victory.”

Here Glenarvon was again interrupted by the loud and repeated bursts of applause. Elinor then springing forward, in a voice that pierced through the hearts of each, and was echoed back from cave to cave—“ Heard ye the words of your leader ? ” she cried : “ and is there one amongst you base enough to desert him ? ” “ None, none.” “ Then arm

yourselves, my countrymen: arm yourselves by every means in your power: and rush like lions on your foes. Let every heart unite, as if struck at once by the same manly impulse; and Ireland shall itself arise to defend its independence; for in the cause of liberty, inaction is cowardice: and may every coward forfeit the property he has not the courage to protect! Heed not the glare of hired soldiery, or aristocratic yeomanry: they cannot stand the vigorous shock of freedom. Their trappings and their arms will soon be your's. Attack the tyrants in every direction, by day and by night.—To war—to war! Vengeance on the detested government of England! What faith shall you keep with them? What faith have they ever kept with you? Ireland can exist independent. O! let not the chain of slavery encompass us around.—Health to the Emerald isle! Glenarvon and Ireland for ever!”

CHAPTER LXXIV.

THE cry of joy has ceased. Elinor and her companion have quitted the cavern. Before she parted for the night, she asked him respecting one he loved. "Where is Calantha?" she said. "In yon dreary prison," he replied, pointing to Castle Delaval:—"like a rose torn from the parent stem, left to perish in all its sweetness—gathered by the hand of the spoiler, and then abandoned. I have left her." "You look miserable, my Lord." "My countenance is truer to my feelings than I could have supposed." "Alice dead—Calantha discarded! I heard the tale, but it left no credit with me.—Can there be hearts so weak as thus to die for love? 'Tis but a month ago, I think, you said you never would leave her; that this was

different from all other attachments; that you would bear her hence." "I have changed my intention: is that sufficient?" "Will she die, think you?" "Your uncle will, if you continue thus," replied Glenarvon. "I am sick at heart, Elinor, when I look on you." "Old men, my Lord, will seek the grave; and death can strike young hearts, when vain men think it their doing. I must leave you." "Wherefore in such haste?" "A younger and truer lover awaits my coming: I am his, to follow and obey him." "Oh, Elinor, I tremble at the sight of so much cold depravity—so young and so abandoned. How changed from the hour in which I first met you at Glenaa! Can it be possible?" "Aye, my good Lord; so apt a scholar, for so great a master."

Glenarvon attempted to seize her hand. "Do you dare to detain me? Touch me not. I fear you.".... "Elinor, to what perdition are you hastening? I adjure

you by your former love, by Clare of Costoly, the boy for whom you affect such fondness, who still remains the favorite of my heart, return to your uncle. I will myself conduct you." "Leave your hold, Glenarvon: force me not to shriek, for succour.--Now that you have left me, I will speak calmly. Are you prepared to hear me?" "Speak." "Do you see those turrets which stand alone, as if defying future storms? Do you behold that bleak and barren mountain, my own native mountain, which gave me the high thoughts and feelings I possess; which rears its head, hiding it only in the clouds? Look above: see the pale moon, that moon which has often witnessed our mutual vows, which has shone upon our parting tears, and which still appears to light us on our guilty way: by these, by thyself, thy glorious self, I swear I never will return to virtue:

“ For the heart that has once been estrang’d,

“ With some newer affection may burn,

“ It may change, as it ever has chang’d,

“ But, oh ! it can never return.”

“ By these eyes, which you have termed bright and dear ; by these dark shining locks, which your hands have oft entwined ; by these lips, which, prest by your’s, have felt the rapturous fire and tenderness of love—virtue and I are forsworn : and in me, whatever I may appear, henceforward know that I am your enemy. Yes, Glenarvon, I am another’s now.” “ You can never love another as you have loved me : you will find no other like me.” “ He is as fair and dear, therefore detain me not. I would rather toil for bread, or beg from strangers, than ever more owe to you one single, one solitary favour. Farewell—How I have adored, you know : how I have been requited, think---when sorrows as acute as those you have inflicted visit

you. Alice, it is said, blest you with her dying breath. Calantha is of the same soft mould ; but there are deeds of horror, and hearts of fire :---the tygress has been known to devour her young ; and lions, having tasted blood, have fed upon the bowels of their masters."

St. Clare, as she spoke, stood upon the edge of the high cliff to which they had ascended. The moon shone brightly on her light figure, which seemed to spring from the earth, as if impelled forward by the strength of passion. The belt of gold which surrounded her slender waist burst, as if unable longer to contain the proud swelling of her heart : she threw the mantle from her shoulders ; and raising the hat and plume from her head, waved it high in the air : then darting forward, she fled hastily from the grasp of Glenarvon, who watched her lessening form till it appeared like a single speck in the distance, scarce visible to the eye.

CHAPTER LXXV.

BEFORE Glenarvon had met Elinor upon the clift, he had conducted Lady Avondale to her father's house. The first person who came forward to meet them was Sir Richard. "My dear child," he said, "what could have induced you to take in such a serious manner what was meant in jest? There is your aunt dying in one room; and every one in fits or mad in different parts of the house. The whole thing will be known all over the country; and the worst of it is, when people talk, they never know what they say, and add, and add, till it makes a terrible story. But come in, do; for if the world speak ill of you, I will protect you: and as to my Lord Glenarvon

there, why it seems after all he is a very good sort of fellow; and had no mind to have you; which is what I hinted at before you set out, and might have saved you a long walk, if you would only have listened to reason. But come in, do; for all the people are staring at you, as if they had never seen a woman before. Not but what I must say, such a comical one, so hot and hasty, I never happened to meet with; which is my fault, and not your's. Therefore, come in; for I hate people to do any thing that excites observation. There now; did not I tell you so? Here are all your relations perfectly crazy: and we shall have a scene in the great hall, if you don't make haste and get up stairs before they meet you." "Where is she? where is she?" said Mrs. Seymour; and she wept at beholding her. But Calantha could not weep: her heart seemed like ice within her: she could neither weep nor speak. "My child, my Ca-

lantha," said Mrs. Seymour, "welcome back." Then turning to Glenarvon, whose tears flowed fast, "receive my prayers, my thanks for this," she exclaimed. "God reward you for restoring my child to me."

"Take her," said Lord Glenarvon, placing Calantha in Mrs. Seymour's arms; "and be assured, I give to you what is dearer to me, far dearer than existence. I do for your sake what I would not for any other: I give up that which I sought, and won, and would have died to retain---that which would have made life dear, and which, being taken from me, leaves me again to a dull blank, and dreary void. Oh! feel for what I have resisted; and forgive the past." "I cannot utter my thanks," said Mrs. Seymour. "Generous Glenarvon! God reward you for it, and bless you." She gave him her hand.

Glenarvon received the applauses of all; and he parted with an agitation so

violent, and apparently so unfeigned, that even the duke, following, said, "We shall see you, perhaps, to-morrow: we shall ever, I'm sure, see you with delight." Calantha alone shared not in these transports; for the agony of her soul was beyond endurance. Oh, that she too could have thought Glenarvon sincere and generous; that she too, in parting from him, could have said, a moment of passion and my own errors have misled him!--but he has a noble nature. Had he taken her by the hand, and said---Calantha, we both of us have erred; but it is time to pause and repent: stay with a husband who adores you: live to atone for the crime you have committed:—she had done so. But he reproached her for her weakness; scorned her for the contrition he said she only affected to feel; and exultingly enquired of her whether, in the presence of her husband, she should ever regret the lover she had lost.

When we love, if that which we love is noble and superior, we contract a resemblance to the object of our passion; but if that to which we have bound ourselves is base, the contagion spreads swiftly, and the very soul becomes black with crime. Woe be to those who have ever loved Glenarvon! Lady Avondale's heart was hardened; her mind utterly perverted; and that face of beauty, that voice of softness, all, alas! that yet could influence her. She was, indeed, insensible to every other consideration. When, therefore, he spoke of leaving her—of restoring her to her husband, she heard him not with belief; but she stood suspended, as if waiting for the explanation such expressions needed.—It came at length. “Have I acted it to the life?” he whispered, ere he quitted her. “’Tis but to keep them quiet. Calm yourself. I will see you again to-morrow.”

That night Calantha slept not; but she watched for the approaching morrow.

It came:—Glenarvon came, as he had promised: he asked permission to see her one moment alone: he was not denied. He entered, and chided her for her tears; then pressing her to his bosom, he inquired if she really thought that he would leave her: “What now—now that we are united by every tie; that every secret of my soul is your’s? Look at me, thou dear one: look again upon your master, and never acknowledge another.” “God bless and protect you,” she answered. “Thanks, sweet, for your prayer; but the kiss I have snatched from your lips is sweeter far for me. Oh, for another, given thus warm from the heart! It has entranced—it has made me mad. What fire burns in your eye? What ecstasy is it thus to call you mine? Oh, tear from your mind every remaining scruple!—shrink not. The fatal plunge into guilt is taken: what matter how deep the fall. You weep, love; and for what? Once you were pure and spot-

less ; and then, indeed, was the time for tears ; but now that fierce passions have betrayed you—now that every principle is renounced, and every feeling perverted, let us enjoy the fruits of guilt.

“ They talk to us of parting :—we will not part. Though contempt may brand my name, I will return and tear thee from them when the time is fit ; and you shall drink deep of the draught of joy, though death and ignominy may be mingled with it. Let them see you again—let the ties strengthen that I have broken. That which has strayed from the flock, will become even dearer than before ; and when most dear, most prized : a second time I will return, and a second time break through every tie, every resolve. Dost shudder, sweet one ? To whom are you united ? Remember the oaths—the ring ; and however estranged—whatever you may hear, remember that you belong to me, to me alone. And even,” continued he, smiling

with malicious triumph, "even though the gallant soldier, the once loved Avondale return, can he find again the heart he has lost? If he clasp thee thus, 'tis but a shadow he can attempt to bind. The heart, the soul, are mine. O! Calantha, you know not what you feel, nor half what you would feel, were I in reality to leave you. There's a fire burns in thee, fierce as in myself: you are bound to me now; fear neither man nor God. I will return and claim you."

As he spoke, he placed around her neck a chain of gold, with a locket of diamonds, containing his hair; saying as he fastened it: "Remember the ring: this, too, is a marriage bond between us;" and, kneeling solemnly, "I call your God," said he, "I call him now to witness, while that I breathe, I will consider you as my wife, my mistress; the friend of my best affections. Never, Calantha, will I abandon, or forget thee:—

never, by Heaven ! shalt thou regret thy attachment or my own."

"Glenarvon," said Calantha, and she was much agitated, "I have no will but your's; but I am not so lost as to wish, or to expect you to remain faithful to one you must no longer see:—only, when you marry---" "May the wrath of Heaven blast me," interrupted he, "if ever I call any woman mine but you, my adored, my sweetest friend. I will be faithful; but you---you must return to Avondale: and shall he teach you to forget me? No, Calantha, never shall you forget the lessons I have given: my triumph is secure. Think of me when I am away: dream of me in the night, as that dear cheek slumbers upon its pillow; and, when you wake, fancy yourself in Glenarvon's arms. Our's has been but a short-tryed friendship," he said; "but the pupils of Glenarvon never can forget their master. Better they had lived for years in folly and vice

with thousands of common lovers, than one hour in the presence of such as I am. Do you repent, love? It is impossible. Look back to the time that is gone; count over the hours of solitude and social life; bear in your memory every picture of fancied bliss, and tell me truly if they can be compared to the transport, the ecstasy of being loved.

“ Oh ! there is Heaven in the language of adoration ; and one hour thus snatched from eternity is cheaply purchased by an age of woe. My love, my soul, look not thus. Now is the season of youth. Whilst fresh and balmy as the rose in summer, dead to remorse, and burning with hidden fires, dash áll fear and all repentance from you ; leave repinings to the weak and the old, and taste the consolation love alone can offer. What can heal its injuries? What remove its regrets? What shews you its vanity and illusion but itself? This hour we enjoy

its transports, and to-morrow, sweet, we must live upon its remembrance.

“Farewell, beloved. Upon thy burning lips receive a parting kiss ; and never let or father, or husband, take it thence. Dissemble well, however ; for they say the conquering hero returns—Avondale. Oh ! if thou shouldst—but it is impossible—I feel that you dare not forget me. We must appear to give way : we have been too unguarded : we have betrayed ourselves : but, my life, my love is your’s. Be true to me. You need not have one doubt of me : I never, never will forsake you. Heed not what I say to others : I do it but to keep all tranquil, and to quiet suspicion. Trust all to one who has never deceived thee. I might have assumed a character to you more worthy, more captivating. But have you not read the black secrets of my heart---aye, read, and shuddered, and yet forgiven me ?”

CHAPTER LXXVI.

THE repetition of a lover's promises is perhaps as irksome to those who may coldly peruse them, as the remembrance is delightful to those who have known the rapture of receiving them. I cannot, however, think that to describe them is either erroneous or unprofitable. It may indeed be held immoral to exhibit, in glowing language, scenes which ought never to have been at all; but when every day, and every hour of the day—at all times, and in all places, and in all countries alike, man is gaining possession of his victim by similar arts, to paint the portrait to the life, to display his base intentions, and their mournful consequences, is to hold out a warning and admonition to innocence and virtue:

this cannot be wrong. All deceive themselves. At this very instant of time, what thousands of beguiled and credulous beings are saying to themselves in the pride of their hearts, “I am not like this Calantha,” or, “thank God, the idol of my fancy is not a Glenarvon.” They deem themselves virtuous, because they are yet only upon the verge of ruin: they think themselves secure, because they know not yet the heart of him who would mislead them. But the hour of trial is at hand; and the smile of scorn may soon give place to the bitter tear of remorse.

“Many can deceive,” said Glenarvon, mournfully gazing on Calantha whilst she wept; “but is your lover like the common herd? Oh! we have loved, Calantha, better than they know how: we have dared the utmost: your mind and mine must not even be compared with their’s. Let the vulgar dissemble and fear—let them talk idly in the unmeaning jargon

they admire : they never felt what we have felt ; they never dared what we have done : to win, and to betray, is with them an air—a fancy : and fit is the delight for the beings who can enjoy it. Such as these, a smile or a frown may gain or lose in a moment. But tell me, Calantha, have we felt nothing more ? I who could command you, am your slave : every tear you shed is answered not by my eyes alone, but in my heart of hearts ; and is there that on earth I would not, will not sacrifice for you ?

“ I know they will wound you, and frown on you because of me ; but if once I shew myself again, the rabble must shrink at last : they dare not stand before Glenarvon. Heaven, or hell, I care not which, have cast a ray so bright around my brow, that not all the perfidy of a heart as lost as mine, of a heart loaded, as you know too well, with crimes man shudders even to imagine—not all the envy and malice of those whom my

contempt has stung, can lower me to their level. And you, Calantha, do you think you will ever learn to hate me, even were I to leave, and to betray you? Poor blighted flower, which I have cherished in my bosom, when scorned and trampled on, because you have done what they had gladly done if I had so but willed it! Were I to subject you to the racking trial of frantic jealousy, and should you ever be driven by fury and vengeance to betray me, you would but harm yourself. To thy last wretched hour, thou wouldst pine in unavailing recollection and regret; as Clytie, though bound and fettered to the earth, still fixes her uplifted eyes upon her own sun, who passes over, regardless in his course, nor deigns to cast a look below."

It was at a late hour that night, when after again receiving the thanks of a whole family—when after hearing himself called the preserver of the wretch who scarcely dared to encounter his eyes,

Lord Glenarvon took a last and faltering leave of Calantha. Twice he returned and paused: he knew not how to say farewell: it seemed as if his lips trembled beneath the meaning of that fearful word—as if he durst not utter a knell to so much love—a death to every long cherished hope. At length, in a slow and solemn voice, “Farewell, Calantha,” he said. “God forgive us both, and bless you.” Lady Avondale for one instant ventured to look upon him: it was but to impress upon her memory every feature, every lineament, and trace of that image, which had reigned so powerfully over her heart. Had thousands been present, she had seen but that one:—had every danger menaced him, he had not moved. Thus in the agony of regret they parted; but that regret was shared; and as he glanced his eye for the last time on her, he pointed to the chain which he wore with her resem-

blance near his heart; and he bade her take comfort in the thought that absence could never tear that image from him.

CHAPTER LXXVII.



AND now the glowing picture of guilt is at an end; the sword of justice hangs over the head of a devoted criminal; and the tortures of remorse are alone left me to describe. But no: remorse came not yet: absence but drew Calantha nearer to the object of her attachment. They never love so well, who have never been estranged. Who is there that in absence clings not with increasing fondness to the object of its idolatry, watches not every post, and trembling with alarm, anxiety and suspense, reads not again and again every line that the hand of love has traced? Is there a fault that is not pardoned in absence? Is there a doubt that is not harboured and believed, however agonizing? Yet, though believed, is

it not at once forgiven? Every feeling but one is extinct in absence; every idea but one image is banished as profane. Lady Avondale had sacrificed herself and Glenarvon, as she then thought, for others; but she could not bring herself to endure the pang she had voluntarily inflicted.

She lived therefore but upon the letters she daily received from him; for those letters were filled with lamentations for her loss, and with the hope of a speedy return. Calantha felt no horror at her conduct. She deceived herself: conscience itself had ceased to reprove a heart so absorbed, so lost in the labyrinth of guilt. Lord Avondale wrote to her but seldom: she heard however with uneasiness that his present situation was one that exposed him to much danger; and after a skirmish with the rebels, when she was informed that he was safe, she knelt down, and said, "Thank God for it!" as if he had still been dear.

His letters, however, were repulsive and cold. Glenarvon's, on the other hand, breathed the life and soul of love.

In one of these letters, Glenarvon informed her, that he was going to England, to meet at Mortanville Priory several of his friends. Lady Mandeville, Lady Augusta Selwyn, and Lady Trelawney, were to be of the party. "I care not," he said, "who may be there. This I know too well, that my Calantha will not." He spoke of Lady Mowbrey and Lady Elizabeth with praise. "Oh! if your Avondale be like his sister, whom I have met with since we parted, what indeed have you not sacrificed for me?" He confided to her, that Lady Mandeville had entreated him to visit her in London: "But what delight can I find in her society?" he said: "it will only remind me of one I have lost."

His letter, after his arrival in England, ended thus: "I will bear this separation as long as I can, my Calantha; but my

health is consumed by my regret; and, whatever you may do, I live alone—entirely alone. We may be alone in the midst of crowds; and if indifference, nay, almost dislike to others, is a proof of attachment to you, you will be secure and satisfied. I had a stormy passage from Ireland. Is it ominous of future trouble? Vain is this separation.

“I will bear with it for a short period; but in the spring, when the soft winds prepare to waft us, fly to me; and we will traverse the dark blue seas, secure, through a thousand storms, in each others devotion. Were you ever at sea? How does the roar of the mighty winds, and the rushing of waters, accord with you---the whistling of the breeze, the sparkling of the waves by night, and the rippling of the foam against the sides of that single plank which divides you from eternity? Fear you, Calantha? Oh, not if your lover were by your side, your head reclining on his bosom, your heart

freed from every other tie, and linked alone by the dearest and the tenderest to his fate! Can you fancy yourself there, about the middle watch? How many knots does she make? How often have they heaved the log? Does she sail with the speed of thought, when that thought is dictated by love? Perhaps it is a calm. Heed it not: towards morn it will freshen: a breeze will spring up; and by to-morrow even, we shall be at anchor. Wilt thou sail? 'They that go down into the great deep; they see the wonders of the Lord.' That thou may'st see as few as possible of his terrific wonders, is, my beloved, the prayer of him who liveth alone for thee!

"The prettiest and most perilous navigation for large ships is the Archipelago. There we will go; and there thou shalt see the brightest of moons, shining over the headlands of green Asia, or the isles, upon the bluest of all waves—the most beautiful, but the most trea-

cherous. Oh, Calantha! what ecstasies were it to sail together, or to travel in those pleasant lands I have often described to you—freed from the gloom and the forebodings this heavy, noisome atmosphere engenders!—Dearest! I write folly and nonsense:—do I not? But even this, is it not a proof of love?”

After his arrival at Mortanville Priory, Glenarvon wrote to Calantha a minute account of every one there. He seemed to detail to her his inmost thoughts. He thus expressed himself concerning Miss Monmouth:—“Do you remember how often we have talked together of Miss Monmouth? You will hear, perhaps, that I have seen much of her of late. Remember she is thy relative; but, oh! how unlike my own, my beloved Calantha! Yet she pleases me well enough. They will, perhaps, tell you that I have shewn her some little attention. Possibly this is true; but, God be my witness, I never for one moment even have

thought seriously about her.” Lady Trelawney, in writing to her sister, thought rather differently. It was thus that she expressed herself upon that subject. “However strange you may think it,” she said in her letter to Sophia, “Lord Glenarvon has made a proposal of marriage to Miss Monmouth. I do not believe what you tell me of his continuing to write to Calantha. If he does, it is only by way of keeping her quiet; for I assure you he is most serious in his intentions. Miss Monmouth admires, indeed I think loves him; yet she has not accepted his offer. Want of knowledge of his character, and some fear of his principles, have made her for the present decline it. But their newly made friendship is to continue; and any one may see how it will end. In the meantime, Lord Glenarvon has already consoled himself for her refusal---but I will explain all this when we meet.

“Remember to say nothing of this to

Calantha, unless she hears of it from others; and advise her not to write so often. It is most absurd, believe me. Nothing, I think, can be more wanting in dignity, than a woman's continuing to persecute a man who is evidently tired of her. He ever avoids all conversation on this topic; but with me, in private, I have heard a great deal, which makes me think extremely well of him. You know how violent Calantha is in all things :---it seems, in the present instance, that her love is of so mad and absurd a nature, that it is all he can do to prevent her coming after him. Such things, too, as she has told him! A woman must have a depraved mind, even to name such subjects.

“ Now, I know you will disbelieve all this; but at once to silence you, I have seen some passages of her letters; and more forward and guilty professions none ever assuredly ventured to make. Her gifts too!--he is quite loaded with them;

and while, as he laughingly observed, one little remembrance from a friend is dear, to be almost bought thus is unbecoming, both in him to receive, and herself to offer. As to Lord Glenarvon, I like him more than ever. He has, indeed, the errors of youth ; but his mind is superior, and his heart full of sensibility and feeling."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

IF Glenarvon's letters had given joy to Calantha in more prosperous and happier days, when surrounded by friends, what must they have appeared to her now, when bereft of all? They were as the light of Heaven to one immersed in darkness: they were as health to the wretch who has pined in sickness: they were as riches to the poor, and joy to the suffering heart. What then must have been her feelings when they suddenly and entirely ceased! At first, she thought the wind was contrary, and the mails irregular. Of one thing she felt secure—Glenarvon could not mean to deceive her. His last letter, too, was kinder than any other; and the words with which he concluded it were such as to

inspire her with confidence. “If, by any chance, however improbable,” he said, “my letters fail to reach you, impute the delay to any cause whatever: but do me enough justice not for one moment to doubt of me. I will comply with every request of your’s; and from you I require in return nothing but remembrance---the remembrance of one who has forgotten himself, the world, fame, hope, ambition---all here, and all hereafter, but you.”

Every one perhaps has felt the tortures of suspense: every one knows its lengthened pangs: it is not necessary here to paint them. Weeks now passed, instead of days, and still not one line, one word from Glenarvon. Then it was that Lady Avondale thus addressed him:

“It is in vain, my dearest friend, that I attempt to deceive myself. It is now two weeks since I have watched, with incessant anxiety, for one of those dear,

those kind letters, which had power to still the voice of conscience, and to make one, even as unworthy as I am, comparatively blest. You accused me of coldness ; yet I have written since, I fear, with only too much warmth. Alas ! I have forgotten all the modesty and dignity due to my sex and situation, to implore for one line, one little line, which might inform me you were well, and not offended. Lord Avondale's return, I told you, had been delayed. His absence, his indifference, are now my only comfort in life. Were it otherwise, how could I support the unmeasured guilt I have heaped upon my soul ? The friends of my youth are estranged by my repeated errors and long neglect. I am as lonely, as miserable in your absence as you can wish.

“ Glenarvon, I do not reproach you : I never will. But your sudden, your unexpected silence, has given me more anguish than I can express. I will not

doubt you : I will follow your last injunctions, and believe every thing sooner than that you will thus abandon me. If that time is indeed arrived—and I know how frail a possession guilty love must ever be—how much it is weakened by security—how much it is cooled by absence : do not give yourself the pain of deceiving me : there is no use in deceit. Say with kindness that another has gained your affections ; but let them never incline you to treat me with cruelty. Oh, fear not, Glenarvon, that I shall intrude, or reproach you. I shall bear every affliction, if you but soften the pang to me by one soothing word.

“ Now, possibly, when you receive this, you will laugh at me for my fears : you will say I but echo back those which you indulged. But so sudden is the silence, so long the period of torturing suspense, that I must tremble till I receive one line from your dearest hand—one line to say that you are not offended

with me. Remember that you are all on earth to me; and if I lose that for which I have paid so terrible a price, what then will be my fate!

“I dread that you should have involved yourself seriously. Alas! I dread for you a thousand things that I dare not say. My friend, we have been very wicked. It is myself alone I blame. On me, on me be the crime; but if my life could save you, how gladly would I give it up! Oh, cannot we yet repent! Act well, Glenarvon: be not in love with crime: indeed, indeed, I tremble for you. It is not inconstancy that I fear. Whatever your errors may be, whatever fate be mine, my heart cannot be severed from you. I shall, as you have often said, never cease to love; but, were I to see your ruin, ah, believe me, it would grieve me more than my own. I am nothing, a mere cypher: you might be all that is great and superior. Act rightly, then, my friend; and

hear this counsel, though it comes from one as fallen as I am. Think not that I wish to repine, or that I lament the past. You have rendered me happy: it is not you that I accuse. But, now that you are gone, I look with horror upon my situation; and my crimes by night and by day appear unvarnished before me.

“I am frightened, Glenarvon: we have dared too much. I have followed you into a dark abyss; and now that you, my guide, my protector, have left my side, my former weakness returns, and all that one smile of your’s could make me forget, oppresses and confounds me. The eye of God has marked me, and I sink at once. You will abandon me: that thought comprises all things in it. Therein lies the punishment of my crime; and God, they say, is just. The portrait which you have left with me has a stern look. Some have said that the likeness of a friend is preferable to himself, for that it ever smiles upon us; but

with me it is the reverse. I never saw Glenarvon's eyes gaze coldly on me till now. Farewell.

“ Ever with respect and love,

“ Your grateful, but unhappy friend,

“ CALANTHA.”

Lady Avondale was more calm when she had thus written. The next morning a letter was placed in her hand. Her heart beat high. It was from Mortanville Priory :---but it was from Lady Trelawney, in answer to one she had sent her, and not from Glenarvon.

“ Dearest cousin,” said Lady Trelawney, “ I have not had time to write to you one word before. Of all the places I ever was at, this is the most perfectly delightful. Had I a spice in me of romance, I would attempt to describe it ; but, in truth, I cannot. Tell Sophia we expect her for certain next week ; and, if you wish to be diverted from all black

thoughts, join our party. I received your gloomy letter after dinner. I was sitting on a couch by ———, shall I tell you by whom?---by Lord Glenarvon himself. At the moment in which it was delivered, for the post comes in here at nine in the evening, he smiled a little as he recognized the hand; and, when I told him you were ill, that smile became an incredulous laugh; for he knows well enough people are never so ill as they say. Witness himself: he is wonderfully recovered: indeed, he is grown perfectly delightful. I thought him uncommonly stupid all this summer, which I attribute now to you; for you encouraged him in his whims and woes. Here, at least, he is all life and good humour. Lady Augusta says he is not the same man; but sentiment, she affirms, undermines any constitution; and you are rather too much in that style.

“After all, my dear cousin, it is silly to make yourself unhappy about any

man. I dare say you thought Lord Glenarvon very amiable: so do I:—and you fancied he was in love with you, as they call it; and I could fancy the same: and there is one here, I am sure, may fancy it as well as any of us: but it is so absurd to take these things seriously. It is his manner; and he owns himself that a *grande passion* bores him to death; and that if you will but leave him alone, he finds a little absence has entirely restored his senses.

“By the bye, did you give him.... but that is a secret. Only I much suspect that he has made over all that you have given him to another. Do the same by him, therefore; and have enough pride to shew him that you are not so weak and so much in his power as he imagines. I shall be quite provoked if you write any more to him. He shews all your letters: I tell you this as a friend: only, now, pray do not get me into a scrape, or repeat it.

“Do tell me when Lord Avondale returns. They say there has been a real rising in the north: but Trelawney thinks people make a great deal of nothing at all: he says, for his part, he believes it is all talk and nonsense. We are going to London, where I hope you will meet us. Good bye to you, dear coz. Write merrily, and as you used. My motto, you know, is, laugh whilst you can, and be grave when you must. I have written a long letter to my mother and Sophia; but do not ask to see it. Indeed, I would tell you all, if I were not afraid you'd be so foolish as to vex yourself about what cannot be helped.”

Lady Avondale did vex herself; and this letter from Frances made her mad. The punishment of crime was then at hand:—Glenarvon had betrayed, had abandoned her. Yet was it possible, or was it not the malice of Frances who wished to vex her? Calantha could not

believe him false. He had not been to her as a common lover:—he was true: she felt assured he was; yet her agitation was very great. Perhaps he had been misled, and he feared to tell her. Could she be offended, because he had been weak? Oh, no! he knew she could not: he would never betray her secrets; he would never abandon her, because a newer favourite employed his momentary thoughts. She felt secure he would not, and she was calm.

Lady Avondale walked to Belfont. She called upon many of her former friends; but they received her coldly. She returned to the castle; but every eye that met her's appeared to view her with new marks of disapprobation. Guilt, when bereft of support, is ever reprobated; but see it decked in splendour and success, and where are they who shrink from its approach? Calantha's name was the theme of just censure, but in Glenarvon's presence, who had

discovered that she was thus worthless and degraded? And did they think she did not feel their meanness. The proud heart is the first to sink before contempt—it feels the wound more keenly than any other can.

O, there is nothing in language that can express the deep humiliation of being received with coldness, when kindness is expected---of seeing the look, but half concealed, of strong disapprobation from such as we have cause to feel beneath us, not alone in vigour of mind and spirit, but even in virtue and truth. The weak, the base, the hypocrite, are the first to turn with indignation from their fellow mortals in disgrace; and, whilst the really chaste and pure suspect with caution, and censure with mildness, these traffickers in petty sins, who plume themselves upon their immaculate conduct, sound the alarum bell at the approach of guilt, and clamour their ana-

themas upon their unwary and cowering prey.

For once they felt justly; and in this instance their conduct was received without resentment. There was a darker shade on the brow, an assumed distance of manner, a certain studied civility, which seemed to say, that, by favour, Lady Avondale was excused much; that the laws of society would still admit her; that her youth, her rank and high connexions, were considerations which everted from her that stigmatising brand, her inexcusable behaviour otherwise had drawn down: but still the mark was set upon her, and she felt its bitterness the more, because she knew how much it had been deserved.

Yet of what avail were the reproofing looks of friends, the bitter taunts of companions, whom long habit had rendered familiar, the ill-timed menaces and rough reproaches of some, and the innuendoes

and scornful jests of others? They only tended to harden a mind rendered fierce by strong passion, and strengthen the natural violence of a character which had set all opposition at defiance, and staked every thing upon one throw---which had been unused to refuse itself the smallest gratification, and knew not how to endure the first trial to which it ever had been exposed. Kindness had been the only remaining hope; and kindness, such as the human heart can scarce believe in, was shewn in vain. Yet the words which are so spoken seldom fail to sooth. Even when on the verge of ruin, the devoted wretch will turn and listen to the accents which pity and benevolence vouchsafe to utter; and though they may come too late, her last looks and words may bless the hand that was thus stretched out to save her.

It was with such looks of grateful affection that Lady Avondale turned to Mrs. Seymour, when she marked the

haughty frowns of Lady Margaret, and the cold repulsive glance with which many others received her. Yet still she lived upon the morrow; and, with an anguish that destroyed her, watched, vainly watched, for every returning post. Daily she walked to that accustomed spot---that dear, that well-known spot, where often and often she had seen and heard the man who then would have given his very existence to please; and the remembrance of his love, of his promises, in some measure re-assured her.

One evening, as she wandered there, she met St. Clara, who passed her in haste, whilst a smile of exulting triumph lighted her countenance. Lady Avondale sighed, and seated herself upon the fragment of a rock; but took no other notice of her. There was a blaze of glorious light diffused over the calm scene, and the gloomy battlements of Belfont Priory yet shone with the departing ray. When Calantha arose to depart, she

turned from the golden light which illuminated the west, and gazed in agony upon the spot where it was her custom to meet her lover. The vessels passed to and fro upon the dark blue sea; the sailors cheerfully followed their nightly work; and the peasants, returning from the mountains with their flocks, sung cheerfully as they approached their homes. Calantha had no home to return to; no approving eye to bid her welcome: her heart was desolate. She met with an aged man, whose white locks flowed, and whose air was that of deep distress. He looked upon her. He asked charity of her as he passed: he said that he was friendless, and alone in the world. His name she asked: he replied, "Camioli." "If gold can give you peace, take this," she said. He blessed her: he called her all goodness—all loveliness; and he prayed for her to his God. "Oh, God of mercy!"

said Calantha, "hear the prayer of the petitioner: grant me the blessing he has asked for me. I never more can pray. He little knows the pang he gave. He calls me good: alas! that name and Calantha's are parted for ever.

"Poor wretch! who hast nothing to hope for in life,

"But the mercy of hearts long success has made hard.

"No parent hast thou, no fond children, no wife,
Thine age from distress and misfortune to guard.

"Yet the trifle I gave, little worth thy possessing,
Has call'd forth in thee, what I cannot repay:
Thou hast ask'd of thy God for his favour and blessing;

"Thou hast pray'd for the sinner, who never must pray.

"Old man, if those locks, which are silver'd by time,
Have ne'er been dishonor'd by guilt or excess;

"If when tempted to wrong, thou hast fled from the crime;

"By passion unmov'd, unappall'd by distress:

If through life thou hast follow'd the course that is
fair,

And much hast perform'd, though of little possess'd;

Then the God of thy fathers shall favour the prayer,

And a blessing be sent to a heart now unblest.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

LADY AVONDALE wrote again and again to Glenarvon. All that a woman would repress, all that she once feared to utter, she now ventured to write. Glenarvon," she said, "if I have displeased you, let me at least be told my fault by you: you who have had power to lead me to wrong, need not doubt your influence if you would now but advise me to return to my duty. Say it but gently—speak but kindly to me, and I will obey every wish of your's. But perhaps that dreaded moment is arrived, and you are no longer constant and true. Ah! fear not one reproach from me. I told you how it must end; and I will never think the worse of you for being as all men are. But do not add cruelty

to inconstancy. Let me hear from your own lips that you are changed. I but repeat your words, when once my letters failed to reach you—suspense, you then said, was torture: and will you now expose me to those sufferings which you even knew not how to endure? Let no one persuade you to treat her with cruelty, who, whatever your conduct may be, will never cease to honour and to love you.

“Forgive, if too presumptuous, I have written with flippant gaiety, or thoughtless folly. Say I have been to blame; but do not you, Glenarvon, do not you be my accuser. You are surrounded by those who possess beauty and talents, far, far above any which I can boast; but all I had it in my power to give, I offered you; and, however little worth, no one can bear to have that all rejected with contempt and ingratitude. And are they endeavouring to blacken me in your opinion? and do they call this acting

honourably and fairly? Lady Trelawney perhaps—ah! no, I will not believe it. Besides, had they the inclination, have they the power to engage you to renounce me thus?

“Glenarvon, my misery is at the utmost. If you could but know what I suffer at this moment, you would pity me. O leave me not thus: I cannot bear it. expose me not to every eye: drive me not to desperation. This suspense is agonizing: this sudden, this protracted silence is too hard to bear. Every one does, every one must, despise me: the good opinion of the wise and just, I have lost for ever; but do not you abandon me, or if you must, oh let it be from your own mouth at least that I read my doom. Say that you love another—say it, if indeed it is already so; and I will learn to bear it. Write it but kindly. Tell me I shall still be your friend. I will not upbraid you: no grief of mine shall make me forget your former kind-

ness. Oh no, I will never learn to hate or reproach you, however you may think fit to trample upon me. I will bless your name with my last breath—call you even from the grave, where you have sent me—only turn one look, one last dear look to me.”

Such was her letter. At another time she thus again addressed him :

“Glenarvon, my only hope in life, drive me not at once to desperation. Alas! why do I write thus? You are ill perhaps? or my friends surrounding you, have urged you to this? In such case, remember my situation. Say but kindly that my letters are no longer a solace to you, and I will of myself cease to write; but do not hurl me at once from adoration to contempt and hate. Do not throw me off, and doom me to sudden, to certain perdition. Glenarvon, have mercy. Let compassion, if love has ceased, impel you to show me some humanity. I know it is degrading thus to write. I ought to

be silent, and to feel that if you have the heart to treat me with harshness, it is lowering myself still further thus to sue. But oh! my God, it is no longer time to think of dignity---to speak of what is right. I have fallen to the lowest depth. You, you are the first to teach me how low, how miserably I am fallen. I forsook every thing for you. I would have followed you ; and you know it. But for your's and other's sake, I would have sacrificed all---all to you. Alas ! I have already done so.

“ If you should likewise turn against me—if you for whom so much is lost, should be the first to despise me, how can I bear up under it. Dread the violence of my feelings—the agonizing pang, the despair of a heart so lost, and so betrayed. Oh, write but one line to me. Say that another has engaged you to forsake me—that you will love me no more ; but that as a friend you will still feel some affection, some interest for me.

I am ill, Glenarvon. God knows I do not affect it, to touch you. Such guilt as mine, and so much bitter misery!—how can I bear up under it? Oh pity the dread, the suspense I endure. You know not what a woman feels when remorse, despair and the sudden loss of him she loves, assail her at once.

“ I have seen, I have heard of cruelty, and falsehood; but you, Glenarvon—oh you who are so young, so beautiful, can you be inhuman? It breaks my heart to think so. Why have you not the looks, as well as the heart of a villain? Oh why take such pains, such care, to lull me into security, to dispel every natural fear and suspicion, a heart that loves must harbour, only to plunge me deeper in agony—to destroy me with more refined and barbarous cruelty? Jest not with my sufferings. God knows they are acute and real. I feel even for myself when I consider what I am going to endure. Oh spare one victim at least.

Generously save me: I ask you not to love me. Only break to me yourself this sudden change—tell me my fate, from that dear mouth which has so often sworn never, never to abandon me.”

CHAPTER LXXX.

DAYS again passed in fruitless expectation; nights, in unceasing wakefulness and grief. At length one morning, a letter was put into Lady Avondale's hands. It was from Glenarvon. It is impossible to describe the joy, the transport of that moment; nor how, pressing it to her lips, she returned thanks to God for receiving, what it was a crime against that Being thus to value. She glanced her eye over the superscription; but she durst not open it. She dreaded lest some cause should be assigned for so long a silence, which might appear less kind than what she could easily endure. The seal was not his seal; and the black wax, so constantly his custom to use, was exchanged for red. The motto upon the

seal (for lovers attend to all) was not that which at all times he made use of when addressing Calantha. It was a seal she knew too well. A strange foreboding that he was changed, filled her mind. She was prepared for the worst, as she apprehended. At last she broke the seal; but she was not prepared for the following words written by his own hand, and thus addressed to her. Oh! had he the heart to write them?

Mortanville Priory, November the 9th.

Lady Avondale,

I am no longer your lover; and since you oblige me to confess it, by this truly unfeminine persecution,—learn, that I am attached to another; whose name it would of course be dishonourable to mention. I shall ever remember with gratitude the many instances I have received of the predilection you have shewn in my favour. I shall ever continue your friend, if your ladyship will permit me so to

style myself ; and, as a first proof of my regard, I offer you this advice, correct your vanity, which is ridiculous ; exert your absurd caprices upon others ; and leave me in peace.

Your most obedient servant,

GLENARVON.

This letter was sealed and directed by Lady Mandeville ; but the hand that wrote it was Lord Glenarvon's ; and therefore it had its full effect. Yes ; it went as it was intended, to the very heart ; and the wound thus given, was as deep as the most cruel enemy could have desired. The grief of a mother for the loss of her child has been described, though the hand of the painter fails ever in expressing the agonies of that moment. The sorrows of a mistress when losing the lover she adores, has been the theme of every age. Poetry and painting, have exhausted the expression of her despair, and painted to the life, that which themselves could conceive—could

feel and understand. Every one can sympathise with their sufferings ; and that which others commiserate, is felt with less agony by ourselves. But who can sympathize with guilt, or who lament the just reward of crime ?

There is a pang, beyond all others—a grief, which happily for human nature few have been called upon to encounter. It is when an erring but not hardened heart, worked up to excess of passion, idolized and flattered into security, madly betraying every sacred trust, receives all unlooked for, from the hand it adores, the dreadful punishment which its crime deserves. And, if there can be a degree still greater of agony, shew to the wretch who sinks beneath the unexpected blow—shew her, in the person of her only remaining friend and protector, the husband she has betrayed—the lover of her youth ! Oh shew him unsuspecting, faithful, kind ; and do not judge her, if at such moment, the dream dispelled, frantic violence impelling her

to acts of desperation and madness, lead her rash hand to attempt her miserable life. Where, but in death can such out-cast seek refuge from shame, remorse and all the bitterness of despair? Where but in death? Oh, God; it is no coward's act! The strength of momentary passion may nerve the arm for so rash a deed; but faint hearts will sicken at the thought.

Calantha durst not—no, she durst not strike the blow. She seized the sharp edged knife, and tried its force. It was not pain she feared. Pain, even to extremity, she already felt. But one single blow—one instant, and all to be at an end. A trembling horror seized upon her limbs: the life-blood chilled around her heart. She feared to die. Pain, even to agony, were better than thus to brave Omnipotence—to rush forward uncalled into that state of which no certain end is known: to snatch destiny into our own power, and draw upon ourselves,

in one instant of time, terrors and punishments above the boundless apprehension even of an evil imagination to conceive.

Calantha's eye, convulsed and fixed, perceived not the objects which surrounded her. Her thoughts, quick as the delirious dream of fever, varied with new and dreadful pictures of calamity. It was the last struggle of nature.—The spirit within her trembled at approaching dissolution.—The shock was too great for mortal reason to resist. Glenarvon—Glenarvon! that form---that look alone appeared to awaken her recollection, but all else was confusion and pain.

It was a scene of horror. May it for ever be blotted from the remembrance of the human heart! It claims no sympathy: it was the dreadful exhibition of a mind which passion had misled, and reason had ceased to guide. Calantha bowed not before that Being who had seen fit to punish her in his wrath. She sought nor vengeance, nor future hope.

All was lost for her; and with Glenarvon, every desire in life, every aspiring energy vanished. Overpowered, annihilated, she called for mercy and release. She felt that mortal passion domineered over reason; and, after one desperate struggle for mastery, had conquered and destroyed her.

Her father watched over and spoke to her. Mrs. Seymour endeavoured to awaken her to some sense of her situation:---she spoke to her of her husband. Calantha! when reason had ceased to guide thee, she called to sooth, to warn thee, but thou couldst not hear. That voice of conscience, that voice of truth, which in life's happier day thou had'st rejected, now spoke in vain; and thy rash steps hurried on to seek the termination of thy mad career.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

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WHEN the very soul is annihilated by some sudden and unexpected evil, the outward frame is calm—no appearance of emotion, of tears, of repining, gives notice of the approaching evil. Calantha motionless, re-perused Glenarvon's letter, and spoke with gentleness to those who addressed her. Oh! did the aunt that loved her, as she read that barbarous letter, exhibit equal marks of fortitude? No: in tears, in reproaches, she vented her indignation: but still Calantha moved not.

There is a disease which it is terrible to name. Ah, see you not its symptoms in the wild eye of your child. Dread, dread the violence of her uncurbed pas-

sions, of an imagination disordered and overpowered. Madness to frenzy has fallen upon her. What tumult, what horror, reigns in that mind: how piercing were the shrieks she uttered: how hollow the cry that echoed Glenarvon's name! Lady Margaret held her to her bosom, and folded her arms around her. No stern looks upbraided her for her crimes: all was kindness unutterable---goodness that stabbed to the heart. And did she turn from such indulgence---did her perverted passions still conquer every better feeling, as even on a bed of death her last hope was love---her last words Glenarvon!

Sophia approached Calantha with words of kindness and religion; but the words of religion offered no balm to a mind estranged and utterly perverted. Her cheeks were pale, and her hollow eyes, glazed and fixed, turned from the voice of comfort. Mrs. Seymour placed her children near her; but with tears of

remorse she heard them speak, and shrunk from their caresses. And still it was upon Glenarvon that she called. Yet when certain death was expected, or far worse, entire loss of reason, she by slow degrees recovered.

There is a recovery from disease which is worse than death ; and it was her destiny to prove it. She loved her own sorrow too well : she cherished every sad remembrance : she became morose, absorbed, and irritated to frenzy, if intruded upon. All virtue is blighted in such a bosom--all principle gone. It feeds upon its own calamity. Hope nothing from the miserable : a broken heart is a sepulchre in which the ruin of every thing that is noble and fair is enshrined.

That which causes the tragic end of a woman's life, is often but a moment of amusement and folly in the history of a man. Women, like toys, are sought after, and trifled with, and then thrown

by with every varying caprice. Another, and another still succeed ; but to each thus cast away, the pang has been beyond thought, the stain indelible, and the wound mortal. Glenarvon had offered his heart to another. He had given the love gifts—the chains and the rings which he had received from Calantha, to his new favourite. Her letters he had shewn ; her secrets he had betrayed ; to an enemy's bosom he had betrayed the struggles of a guilty heart, tortured with remorse, and yet at that time at least but too true, and faithful to him. 'Twas the letters written in confidence which he shewed ! It was the secret thoughts of a soul he had torn from virtue and duty to follow him, that he betrayed !

And to whom did he thus expose her errors ? —To the near relations of her husband, to the friends, and companions of her youth ; and instead of throwing a veil upon the weakness he himself had caused, when

doubt, remorse and terror had driven her to acts of desperation. Instead of dropping one tear of pity over a bleeding, breaking heart, he committed those testimonies of her guilt, and his own treachery, into the hands of incensed and injured friends. They were human: they saw but what he would have them see: they knew but what he wished them to know: they censured her already, and rather believed his plausible and gentle words, than the frantic rhapsodies of guilt and passion. They read the passages but half communicated; they heard the insidious remarks; they saw the letters in which themselves were misrepresented and unkindly named; nor knew the arts which had been made use of to alienate Calantha. They espoused the cause of Glenarvon, and turned with anger and contempt against one whom they now justly despised. Even Sophia, whom the terror of despair had one moment softened—even Sophia, had not

long been in the society of Glenarvon after her arrival in England, when she also changed; so powerful were the arguments which he used to persuade her; or so easily tranquillized is resentment when we ourselves are not sufferers from the injury.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

ON quitting Castle Delaval, Lord Glenarvon went as he had promised, to Mr. Monmouth's seat in Wales, by name, Mortanville Priory. There, in a large and brilliant society, he soon forgot Calantha. Lady Augusta rallied him for his caprice; Lady Mandeville sought to obtain his confidence: tears and reproaches are ever irksome; and the confidence that had once been placed in a former mistress, now suddenly withdrawn, was wholly given to her. A petitioner is at all times intrusive; and sorrow at a distance but serves to encrease the coldness and inconstancy it upbraids. The contrast is great between smiling and triumphant beauty, and remorse, misery and disgrace. And, if

every reason here enumerated were insufficient, to account for a lover's inconstancy, it is enough in one word to say, that Lady Avondale was absent; for Lord Glenarvon was of a disposition to attend so wholly to those, in whose presence he took delight, that he failed to remember those to whom he had once been attached; so that like the wheels of a watch, the chains of his affections might be said to unwind from the absent, in proportion as they twined themselves around the favourite of the moment; and being extreme in all things, he could not sufficiently devote himself to the one, without taking from the other all that he had given.

'Twere vain to detail the petty instances of barbarity he made use of. The web was fine enough, and wove with a skilful hand. He even consulted with Lady Mandeville in what manner to make his inhuman triumph more poignant---more galling; and when he heard

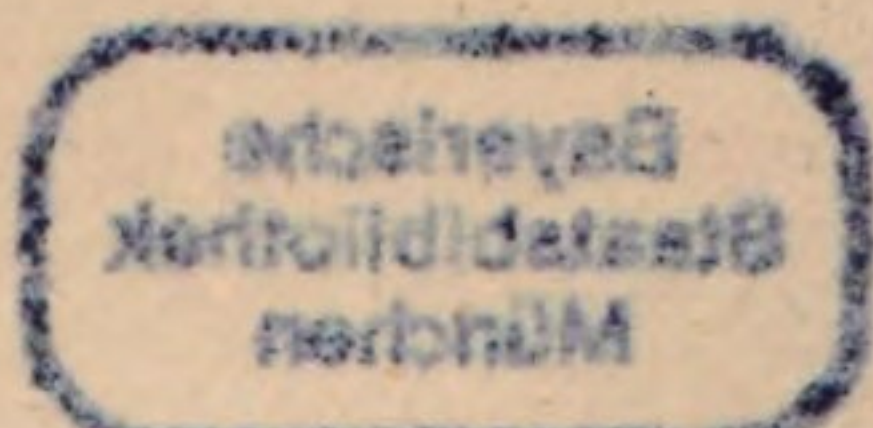
that Calantha was irritated even unto madness, and grieved almost unto death, he only mocked at her for her folly, and despised her for her still remaining attachment to himself. "Indeed she is ill," said Sophia, in answer to his insulting enquiry, soon after her arrival at Mortanville Priory. "She is even dangerously ill." "And pray may I ask of what malady?" he replied, with a smile of scorn. "Of one, Lord Glenarvon," she answered with equal irony, "which never will endanger your health---of a broken heart." He laughed. "Of deep remorse," she continued. "And no regret?" said he, looking archly at her. "Do not jest," she retorted: "the misery which an unhallowed attachment must in itself inflict, is sufficient, I should think, without adding derision to every other feeling." "Does Miss Seymour speak from experience or conjecture?"

Before Miss Seymour could answer, Lady Mandeville, who was present,

whispered something to Glenarvon; and he laughed. Sophia asked eagerly what she was saying. "It is a secret," said Glenarvon significantly. "How happy must Lady Mandeville be at this moment!" said Lady Augusta, "for every one knows that the greatest enjoyment the human mind can feel, is when we are in the act of betraying a secret confided to us by a friend, or informing an enemy of something upon which the life and safety of another depends." "Come," said Lady Mandeville, "you are very severe; but I was only urging Lord Glenarvon to listen to Miss Seymour's admonitions in a less public circle. Miss Monmouth may be displeased if she hears of all this whispering." So saying, she took Glenarvon's arm, and they walked out of the room together.

"After all, he is a glorious creature," said Lady Trelawney. "I wish I had a glorious creature to walk with me this morning," said Lady Augusta with a

sneer; "but how can I hope for support, when Calantha, who had once thousands to defend her, and whom I left the gayest where all were gay, is now dying alone, upbraided, despised, and deserted. Where are her friends?" "She fell by her own fault entirely," said Lord Trelawney. "Her life has been one course of absurdity. A crime here and there are nothing, I well know," said Lady Augusta; "but imprudence and folly, who can pardon?" "She has a kind heart," said Frances. "Kind enough to some," said her lord; "but talk not of her, for I feel indignant at her very name." "There is nothing excites our indignation so strongly," said Lady Augusta, "as misfortune. Whilst our friends are healthy, rich, happy, and, above all, well dressed and gaily attended, they are delightful, adorable. After all, your sensible judicious people on the long run are the best: they keep a good eye to their own interest; and



these flighty ones are sure to get into scrapes. When they do, we flatterers have an awkward part to play: we must either turn short about, as is the case now, or stand up in a bad cause, for which none of us have heart or spirit." "There is no excuse for Calantha," said Miss Seymour. "God forbid I should look for one," said Lady Augusta. "I am like a deer, and ever fly with the herd: there is no excuse, Miss Seymour, ever, for those who are wounded and bleeding and trodden upon. I could tell you---but here come these glorious creatures! Are you aware, that when Lady Avondale sent a few days since for her lover's portrait, and a lock of his hair, Lady Mandeville yesterday in an envelope enclosed a braid of her own. *C'est piquant cela: j'admire!*" "How illnatured the world is!" said Miss Monmouth, who had heard the latter part of this discourse. "Not illnatured or wicked, my dear,"

said Lady Augusta; "only weak, cowardly and inordinately stupid." "With what self-satisfaction every one triumphs at the fall of those whose talents or situation raise them a little into observation!" said Miss Monmouth. "Common sense is so pleased," said Lady Augusta, "when it sees of how little use any other sense is in this life, that one must forgive its triumph; and its old saws and wholesome truisms come out with such an increase of length and weight, when the enemy to its peace has tumbled down before it, that it were vain to attempt a defence of the culprit condemned. I know the world too well to break through any of the lesser rules and customs imposed, but you, my dear, know nothing yet: therefore I cannot talk to you."

Miss Monmouth was the only child of the Honorable Mr. Monmouth, a near relation of Lady Mowbrey's. Her youth, her innocence, a certain charm of man-

ner and of person, rare and pleasing, had already, apparently, made some impression upon Glenarvon. He had secretly paid her every most marked attention. He had even made her repeatedly the most honourable offers. At first, trembling and suspicious, she repulsed the man of whom rumour had spoken much, which her firm principles and noble generous heart disapproved; but soon attracted and subdued by the same all splendid talents, she heard him with more favourable inclinations. She was, herself, rich in the possession of every virtue and grace; but, alas! too soon she was over-reached by the same fascination and disguise which had imposed upon every other.

Amongst the many suitors who at this time appeared to claim Miss Monmouth's hand, Buchanan was the most distinguished. Lady Margaret eagerly desired this marriage. She put every engine to work in a moment to defeat Glenarvon's

views, and secure the prize for her son. She even left Ireland upon hearing of his increasing influence, and joined for a few weeks the party at Mortanville Priory. The parents of Miss Monmouth were as eager for Buchanan, as the young lady was averse. Glenarvon saw with bitterness the success his rival had obtained, and hated the friends and parents of Miss Monmouth for their mistrust of him. By day, by night, he assailed an innocent heart, not with gross flattery, not with vain professions. He had a mask for every distinct character he wished to play; and in each character he acted to the very life.

In this instance, he threw himself upon the generous mercy of one who already was but too well inclined to favour him. He candidly acknowledged his errors; but he cast a veil over their magnitude; and confessed only what he wished should be known. Miss Monmouth, he said, should reform him; her gentle voice

should recall his heart from perversion; her virtues should win upon a mind, which, the errors of youth, the world and opportunity had misled.

Miss Monmouth was the idol of her family. She was pure herself, and therefore unsuspecting. Talents and judgment had been given her with no sparing hand; but to these, she added the warmest, the most generous heart, the strongest feelings, and a high and noble character. To save, to reclaim one, whose genius she admired, whose beauty attracted, was a task too delightful to be rejected. Thousands daily sacrifice their hearts to mercenary and ambitious views; thousands coldly, without one feeling of enthusiasm or love, sell themselves for a splendid name; and can there be a mind so cold, so corrupted, as to censure the girl, who, having rejected a Buchanan, gave her hand and heart, and all that she possessed, to save, to bless, and to reclaim a Glenarvon.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

HAPPILY for Miss Monmouth, at the very moment, her consent was given, Lady Margaret placed a letter in Glenarvon's hands, which threw him into the deepest agitation, and obliged him instantly, and for a short time, to hasten to England. He went there in company with Lady Margaret; and strange as it may appear, the love, the idolatry, he had professed for so many, seemed now with greater vehemence than for others transferred to herself. Whether from artifice or caprice, it is unnecessary to say, but Lady Margaret at least made shew of a return. She never lost sight of him for one moment. She read with him; she talked with him; she chided him with all the wit and grace of which she

was mistress; and he, as if maddening in her presence, gazed on her with wild delight; and seemed inclined to abandon every thing for her sake.

Lady Margaret applied to her numerous friends for the ship which had long been promised to Lord Glenarvon, as a reward for his former services. She wrote to Sir George Buchanan for his appointment; she spoke with eloquence of his misfortunes; and whether from her representations, or some other cause, his titles and estates were at length restored to him. Thanking her for the zeal she had shewn, he proposed to return with her immediately to Italy.

She now hesitated. Her brother had written to her: these were the words of his letter: “Buchanan is desirous that his marriage should be celebrated in this place. Miss Monmouth, I fear, has been compelled to accept his hand; and I should pity her, if such force did not

save her from a far worse fate. I mean a marriage with Glenarvon."

Glenarvon was by Lady Margaret's side when this letter was received. He held one of Lady Margaret's white hands in his: he was looking upon the rings she wore, and laughingly asking her if they were the gifts of Dartford. "Look at me, my beautiful mistress," he said, with the triumph of one secure. She carelessly placed the letter before his eyes. "Correct your vanity," she said, whilst he was perusing it, alluding to the words he had written to Calantha; "exert your caprices upon others more willing to bear them; and leave me in peace."

Stung to the soul, Glenarvon started; and gazed on her with malignant rage: then grinding his teeth with all the horror of suppressed rage, "I am not a fly to be trodden upon, but a viper that shall sting thee to the heart. Farewell for ever," he cried, rushing from her. Then

returning one moment with calmness, and smiling on her, "you have not grieved me," he said gently: "I am not angry, my fair mistress. We shall meet again: fear not we shall meet again." "Now I am lost," said Lady Margaret, when he was gone. "I know by that smile that my fate is sealed."

There is nothing so uncongenial to the sorrowing heart as gaiety and mirth; yet Calantha was at this time condemned to witness it. No sickness, no sufferings of its owners, prevented extraordinary festivities at the castle. Upon the evening of the celebration of Buchanan's marriage, there were revels and merry-making as in happier times; and the peasantry and tenants, forgetful of their cabals and wrongs, all appeared to partake in the general festivity. The ribband of green was concealed beneath large bouquets of flowers; and healths and toasts went round with tumults of applause, regardless of the sorrows of the owners of the

castle. The lawn was covered with dancers. It was a cheerful scene; and even Calantha smiled, as she leant upon her father's arm, and gazed upon the joyful countenances which surrounded her; but it was the smile of one whose heart was breaking, and every tenant as he passed by and greeted her looked upon the father and the child, and sighed at the change which had taken place in the appearance of both.

Suddenly, amidst the dancers, with a light foot, as if springing from the earth, there appeared, lovely in beauty and in youth, the fairest flower of Belfont. It was Miss St. Clare. No longer enveloped in her dark flowing mantle, she danced amidst the village maidens, the gayest there. She danced with all the skill of art, and all the grace of nature. Her dress was simple and light as the web of the gossamer: her ringlets, shining in the bright sun-beams, sported with the wind: red was her cheek as the first

blush of love, or the rose of summer, when it opens to the sun.

Upon the lake the boats, adorned with many coloured ribbands, sailed with the breeze. Bands of music played underneath the tents which were erected for refreshments. The evening was bright and cloudless. Elinor was the first and latest in the dance—the life and spirit of the joyous scene. Some shrunk back it is true at first, when they beheld her; but when they saw her smile, and that look of winning candour, which even innocence at times forgets to wear, that playful youthful manner, re-assured them. “Can it be possible!” said Calantha, when the music ceased, and the villagers dispersed—“can you indeed affect this gaiety, or do you feel it, St. Clare?” “I feel it,” cried the girl, laughing archly. “The shafts of love shall never pierce me; and sorrows, though they fall thicker than the rain of Heaven, shall never break my heart.” “Oh! teach

me to endure afflictions thus. Is it religion that supports you?" "Religion!" St. Clare sighed.

"Yon bright heaven," she said, uplifting her eyes, "is not for me. The time has been, when, like you, I could have wept, and bowed beneath the chastening rod of adversity; but it is past. Turn you, and repent lady; for you are but young in sin, and the heart alone has wandered. Turn to that God of mercy, and he will yet receive and reclaim you." A tear started into her eyes, as she spoke. "I must journey on; for the time allowed me is short. Death walks among us even now. Look at yon lordly mansion—your father's house. Is it well defended from within? Are there bold hearts ready to stand forth in the time of need? Where is the heir of Delaval:—look to him:—even now they tear him from you. The fiends, the fiends are abroad:—look to your husband, lady—the gallant Earl of Avon-

dale: red is the uniform he wears; black is the charger upon which he rides; but the blood of his heart shall flow. It is a bloody war we are going to: this is the year of horror!!! Better it were never to have been born, than to have lived in an age like this."

"Unhappy maniac," said a voice from behind. It was the voice of the Bard Camioli: "unhappy St. Clare!" he said. She turned; but he was gone. Every one now surrounded Miss St. Clare, requesting her to sing. "Oh I cannot sing," she replied, with tears, appealing to Calantha; then added lower--"my soul is in torture. That was a father's voice, risen from the grave to chide me."

Calantha took her hand with tenderness; but Miss St. Clare shrunk from her. "Fly me," she said, "for that which thou thinkest sweet has lost its savour. Oh listen not to the voice of the charmer, charm she ever so sweetly. Yet ere we part, my young and dear protectress,

take with you my heart's warm thanks and blessings ; for thou hast been kind to the friendless---thou hast been merciful to the heart that was injured, and in pain. I would not wish to harm thee. May the journey of thy life be in the sunshine and smiles of fortune. May soft breezes waft thy gilded bark upon a smooth sea, to a guileless peaceful shore. May thy footsteps tread upon the green grass, and the violet and the rose spring up under thy feet." Calantha's pale cheeks and falling tears were her only answer to this prayer.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

CAMIOLI had been some time concealed in Ireland. He now entered his Brother Sir Everard's door. Upon that night he was seized with illness, before he had time to explain his intentions. He had placed a bag of gold in the hands of his brother; and now, in the paroxysm of his fever, he called upon his daughter; he urged those who attended on him to send for her, that he might once again behold her. "I am come to die in the land of my father," he said. "I have wandered on these shores to find if all I heard were true. Alas! it is true; and I wish once more to see my unhappy child---before I die."

They wrote to Elinor; they told her of her father's words. They said: "Oh, Elinor, return; ungrateful child---haste

thee to return. Thy father is taken dangerously ill. I think some of the wretches around us have administered poison to him. I know not where to find thee. He has called thrice for thee; and now he raves. Oh hasten; for in the frantic agony of his soul, he has cursed thee; and if thou dost not obey the summons, with the last breath of departing life, he will bequeath thee his malediction. O, Elinor, once the pride and joy of thy father's heart, whom myself dedicated as a spotless offering before the throne of Heaven, as being too fair, too good for such a lowly one as me--- return ere it be too late, and kneel by the bed of thy dying father. This is thy house. It is a parent calls, however unworthy; still it is one who loves thee; and should pride incline thee not to hear him, O how thou wilt regret it when too late--- Ever, my child, thy affectionate, but most unhappy uncle,

EVERARD ST. CLARE."

She received not the summons---she was far distant when the letter was sent for her to the mountains. She received it not till noon ; and the bard's last hour was at hand.

Miss Lauriana St. Clare then addressed her---“ If any feeling of mercy yet warms your stubborn heart, come home to us and see your father, ere he breathe his last. 'Tis a fearful sight to see him : he raves for you, and calls you his darling and his favourite---his lost lamb, who has strayed from the flock, but was dearer than all the rest. Miss Elinor, I have little hopes of stirring your compassion ; for in the days of babyhood you were hard and unyielding, taking your own way, and disdaining the counsel of such as were older and wiser than you. Go too, child ; you have played the wanton with your fortune, and the hour of shame approaches.”

Miss St. Clare heard not the summons ---upon her horse she rode swiftly over

the moors---it came too late---Camio! had sickened in the morning, and ere night, he had died.

They wrote again: "Your father's spirit has forsaken him: there is no recall from the grave. With his last words he bequeathed his curse to the favourite of his heart; and death has set its seal upon the legacy. The malediction of a father rests upon an ungrateful child!"

Elinor stood upon the cliff near Craig Allen Bay, when her father's corpse was carried to the grave. She heard the knell and the melancholy dirge: she saw the procession as it passed: she stopped its progress, and was told that her father in his last hour had left her his malediction. Many were near her, and flattered her at the time; but she heard them not.

Elinor stood on the barren cliff, to feel, as she said, the morning dew and fresh mountain air on her parched forehead. "My brain beats as if to madden me:--the fires of hell consume me:--it is a

father's curse," she cried; and her voice, in one loud and dreadful shriek, rent the air. "Oh it is a father's curse:" then pausing with a fixed and horrid eye: "Bear it, winds of heaven, and dews of earth," she cried: "bear it to false Glenarvon:---hear it, fallen angel, in the dull night, when the hollow wind shakes your battlements and your towers, and shrieks as it passes by, till it affrights your slumbers:---hear it in the morn, when the sun breaks through the clouds, and gilds with its beams of gold the eastern heavens:---hear it when the warbling skylark, soaring to the skies, thrills with its pipe, and every note of joy sound in thy ear as the cry of woe. The old man is dead, and gone: he will be laid low in the sepulchre: his bones shall be whiter than his grey hairs. He left his malediction upon his child. May it rest with thee, false Glenarvon. Angel of beauty, light, and delight of the soul, thou paradise of joys unutterable

from which my heart is banished, thou God whom I have worshipped with sacrilegious incense, hear it and tremble. Amidst revels and feastings, in the hour of love, when passion beats in every pulse, when flatterers kneel, and tell thee thou art great, when a servile world bowing before thee weaves the laurel wreath of glory around thy brows, when old men forget their age and dignity to worship thee, and kings and princes tremble before the scourge of thy wit—think on the cry of the afflicted—the last piercing cry of agonizing and desperate despair. Hear it, as it shrieks in the voice of the tempest, or bellows from the vast fathomless ocean; and when they tell thee thou art great, when they tell thee thou art good, remember thy falsehood, thy treachery. Oh remember it and shudder, and say to thyself thou art worthless, and laugh at the flatterers that would deny it.”

CHAPTER LXXXV.

Nothing is more mistaken than to suppose that unkindness and severity are the means of reclaiming an offender. There is no moment in which we are more insensible to our own errors than when we smart under apparent injustice. Calantha saw Glenarvon triumphant, and herself deserted. The world, it is true, still befriended her ; but her nearest relatives and friends supported him. Taunted with her errors, betrayed, scorned, and trampled upon, the high spirit of her character arose in proportion as every hope was cut off. She became violent, overbearing, untractable even to her attendants, demanding a more than ordinary degree of respect, from the suspicion that it might no longer be paid. Every

error of her life was now canvassed, and brought forth against her. Follies and absurdities long forgotten, were produced to view, to aggravate her present disgrace; and the severity which an offended world forbore to shew, Sophia, Frances, the Princess of Madagascar, Lady Mandeville, and Lord Glenarvon, were eager to evince.

But, even at this hour, Calantha had reason to acknowledge the kindness and generosity of some; and the poor remembered her in their prayers. Those whom she had once protected, flew forward to support her; and even strangers addressed her with looks, if not words of consolation. It was not the gay, the professing, the vain that shewed compassion in a moment of need---it was not the imprudent and vicious whom Calantha had stood firm by and defended: these were the first to desert her. But it was the good, the pious, the benevolent, who came to her, and even courted an ac-

quaintance they once had shunned; for their hope was now to reclaim.

Humbled, not yet sufficiently, but miserable, her fair name blasted, the jest of fools, the theme of triumphant malice, Calantha still gave vent to every furious passion, and openly rebelled against those who had abandoned her. She refused to see any one, to hear any admonitions, and, sickening at every contradiction to her authority, insisted upon doing things the most ill judged and unreasonable, to shew her power, or her indignation. Struck with horror at her conduct, every one now wrote to inform Lord Avondale of the absolute necessity of his parting from her. Hints were not only given, but facts were held up to view, and a life of folly, concluding in crime, was painted with every aggravation. Calantha knew not at this time the eager zeal that some had shewn, to hurl just vengeance upon a self-devoted victim. She was informed therefore of Lord Avondale's expected

return, and prepared to receive him with hardened and desperate indifference.

She feared not pain, nor death: the harshest words occasioned her no humiliation: the scorn, the abhorrence of companions and friends, excited no other sentiment in her mind than disgust. Menaced by every one, she still forbore to yield, and boldly imploring if she were guilty, to be tried by the laws of her country---laws, which though she had transgressed, she revered, and would submit to, she defied the insolence, and malice of private interference.

From this state, Calantha was at length aroused by the return of Lord Avondale. It has been said, that the severest pang to one not wholly hardened, is the unsuspecting confidence of the friend whom we have betrayed, the look of radiant health and joy which we never more must share, that eye of unclouded virtue, that smile of a heart at rest, and, worse than all perhaps, the soft confiding words

and fond caresses offered after long absence. Cruel is such suffering. Such a pang Calantha had already once endured, when last she had parted from her lord; and for such meeting she was again prepared. She had been ill, and no one had read the secret of her soul. She had been lonely, and no one comforted her in her hours of solitude: she had once loved Lord Avondale, but absence and neglect had entirely changed her. She prepared therefore for the interview with cold indifference, and her pride disdained to crave his forgiveness, or to acknowledge itself undeserving in his presence. "He is no longer my husband," she repeated daily to herself. "My heart and his are at variance---severed by inclination, though unhappily for both united by circumstances. Let him send me from him: I am desperate and care not.

None sufficiently consider, when they describe the hateful picture of crime, how every step taken in its

mazy road, perverts, and petrifies the feeling. Calantha, in long retrospect over her former life, thought only of the neglect and severity of him she had abandoned. She dwelt with pleasure upon the remembrance of every momentary act of violence, and thought of his gaiety and merriment, as of a sure testimony that he was not injured by her ill conduct. "He left me first," she said. "He loves me not; he is happy; I alone suffer." And the consolation she derived from such reflections steeled her against every kindlier sentiment.

Lord Avondale returned. There was no look of joy in his countenance—no radiant heartfelt smile which bounding spirits and youthful ardour once had raised. His hollow eye betokened deep anxiety; his wasted form, the suffering he had endured. Oh, can it be said that the greatest pang to a heart, not yet entirely hardened, is unsuspecting confidence? Oh, can the momentary selfish pang a

cold dissembling hypocrite may feel, be compared to the unutterable agony of such a meeting? Conscience itself must shrink beneath the torture of every glance. There is the record of crime—there, in every altered lineament of that well known face. How pale the withered cheek—how faint the smile that tries to make light and conceal the evil under which the soul is writhing.

And could Calantha see it, and yet live? Could she behold him kind, compassionating, mournful, and yet survive it? No—no frenzy of despair, no racking pains of ill requited love; no, not all that sentiment and romance can paint or fancy, were ever equal to that moment. Before severity, she had not bowed—before contempt, she had not shed one tear—against everyman ace, she felt hardened; but, in the presence of that pale and altered brow, she sunk at once. With grave but gentle earnestness, he raised her from the earth. She

durst not look upon him. She could not stand the reproachful glances of that eye, that dark eye which sometimes softened into love, then flamed again into the fire of resentment. She knelt not for mercy: she prayed not for pardon: a gloomy pride supported her; and the dark frown that lowered over his features was answered by the calm of fixed despair.

They were alone. Lord Avondale, upon arriving, had sought her in her own apartment: he had heard of her illness. The duke had repeatedly implored him to return; he had at length tardily obeyed the summons. After a silence of some moments: "Have I deserved this?" he cried. "Oh Calantha, have I indeed deserved it?" She made no answer to this appeal. "There was a time," he said, "when I knew how to address you--when the few cares and vexations, that ever intruded themselves, were lightened by your presence; and forgotten in

the kindness and sweetness of your conversation. You were my comfort and my solace; your wishes were what I most consulted; your opinions and inclinations were the rule of all my actions. But I wish not to grieve you by reminding you of a state of mutual confidence and happiness which we never more can enjoy.

“If you have a heart,” he continued, looking at her mournfully, “it must already be deeply wounded by the remembrance of your behaviour to me, and can need no reproaches. The greatest to a feeling mind is the knowledge that it has acted unworthily; that it has abused the confidence reposed in it, and blasted the hopes of one, who relied solely upon its affection. You have betrayed me. Oh! Calantha, had you the heart? I will not tell you how by degrees suspicion first entered my mind, till being more plainly informed of the cruel truth, I attempted, but in vain, to banish every

trace of you from my affections. I have not succeeded—I cannot succeed. Triumph at hearing this if you will. The habit of years is strong. Your image and that of crime and dishonour, can never enter my mind together. Put me not then to the agony of speaking to you in a manner you could not bear, and I should repent. They say you are not yet guilty; and that the man for whom I was abandoned has generously saved you....but consider the magnitude of those injuries which I have received; and think me not harsh, if I pronounce this doom upon myself and you:—Calantha, we must part.”

The stern brow gave way before these words; and the paleness of death overspread her form. Scarce could she support herself. He continued: “Whatever it may cost me, and much no doubt I shall suffer, I can be firm. No importunity from others, no stratagems shall prevail. I came, because I would not

shrink from the one painful trial I had imposed upon myself. For your's and other's sakes, I came, because I thought it best to break to you myself my irrevocable determination. Too long I have felt your power: too dearly I loved you, to cast dishonour upon your as yet unsullied name. The world may pardon, and friends will still surround you. I will give you half of all that I possess on earth; and I will see that you are supported and treated with respect. You will be loved and honoured; and, more than this, our children, Calantha, even those precious and dear ties which should have reminded you of your duty to them, if not to me,—yes, even our children, I will not take from you, as long as your future conduct may authorize me in leaving them under your care. I will not tear you from every remaining hope; nor by severity, plunge you into further guilt; but as for him, say

only that he for whom I am abandoned was unworthy."

As he uttered these words, the frenzy of passion for one moment shook his frame. Calantha in terror snatched his hand. "Oh, hear me, hear me, and be merciful!" she cried, throwing herself before his feet.—"For God's sake hear me." "The injury was great," he cried: "the villain was masked; but the remembrance of it is deep and eternal."

He struggled to extricate his hand from her grasp: it was cold, and trembling.... "Calm yourself," he at length said, recovering his composure: "these scenes may break my heart, but they cannot alter its purpose. I may see your tears, and while under the influence of a woman I have loved too well, be moved to my own dishonour. I may behold you humble, penitent, wretched, and being man, not have strength of mind to resist."

“And is there no hope, Avondale?”
“None for me,” he replied mournfully:
“you have stabbed here even to my
very heart of hearts.” “Oh, hear me!
look upon me.” “Grant that I yield,
wretched woman; say that I forgive you
—that you make use of my attachment
to mislead my feelings—Calantha, can
you picture to yourself the scene that
must ensue? Can you look onward into
after life, and trace the progress of our
melancholy journey through it? Can
you do this, and yet attempt to realize,
what I shudder even at contemplating?
Unblest in each other, solitary, suspi-
cious, irritated, and deeply injured—if
we live alone, we shall curse the hours
as they pass, and if we rush for conso-
lation into society, misrepresented, point-
ed at, derided,—oh, how shall we bear
it?”

Her shrieks, her tears, now over-
powered every other feeling. “Then it
is for the last time we meet. You come

to tell me this. You think I can endure it?" "We will not endure it," he cried fiercely, breaking from her. "I wish not to speak with severity; but beware, for my whole soul is in agony, and fierce passion domineers: tempt me not to harm you, my beloved: return to your father: I will write--I will see you again"..... "Oh! leave me not---yet hear me.---I am not guilty---I am innocent---Henry, I am innocent."

Calantha knelt before him, as she spoke :---her tears choaked her voice.

"Yet hear me; look at me once; see, see in this face if it bear traces of guilt. Look, Henry. You will not leave me."

She fell before him; and knelt at his feet. "Do you remember how you once loved me?" she said, clasping his hand in her's.

"Think how dear we have been to each other: and will you now abandon me? Henry, my husband, have you forgotten me? Look at the boy. Is it not your's? Am I not its

mother? Will you cause her death who gave him life? Will you cast disgrace upon the mother of your child? Can you abandon me---can you, have you the heart?.... Have mercy, oh my God! have mercy.... I am innocent."

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

THE convulsive sobs of real agony, the eloquence which despair and affection create in all, the pleadings of his own kind and generous heart were vain. He raised her senseless from the earth; he placed her upon a couch; and without daring to look upon her, as he extricated his hand from the strong grasp of terror, he fled from her apartment.

Mrs. Seymour had waited to see him; and, when he had quitted her niece's room, she arrested him as he would have hastened by her, at the head of the stairs. Her ill state of health, and deep anxiety, had enfeebled her too much to endure the shock of hearing his irrevocable intention. He knew this, and wished to break it to her gently. She pressed his

hand ; she looked upon his countenance. All a mother's heart spoke in those looks. Was there a hope yet left for her unhappy niece ? “ Oh, if there yet be hope, speak, Lord Avondale ; spare the feelings of one who never injured you ; look in that face and have mercy, for in it there is all the bitterness of despair.” He sought for expressions that might soften the pang---he wished to give her hope ; but too much agitated himself to know what he then said : “ I am resolved---I am going immediately,” he said, and passed her by in haste. He saw not the effect of his words---he heard not the smothered shriek of a heart-broken parent.

As he rushed forward, he met the duke, who in one moment marked, in the altered manner of Lord Avondale---the perfect calm---the chilling proud reserve he had assumed, that there was no hope of reconciliation. He offered him his hand : he was himself much moved.

"I can never ask, or expect you to forgive her," he said, in a low broken voice.

"Your generous forbearance has been fully appreciated by me. I number it amongst the heaviest of my calamities, that I can only greet you on your return with my sincere condolences. Alas! I gave you as an inheritance a bitter portion. You are at liberty to resent as a man, a conduct, which not even a father can expect, or ask you to forgive." Lord Avondale turned abruptly from the duke: "Are my horses put to the carriage?" he said impatiently to a servant. "All is in readiness." "You will not go?" "I must: my uncle waits for me at the inn at Belfont: he would scarcely permit me...."

The shrieks of women from an adjoining apartment interrupted Lord Avondale. The duke hastened to the spot. Lord Avondale reluctantly followed. "Lady Avondale is dead," said one: "the barbarian has murdered her."—

Lord Avondale flew forward. The violence of her feelings had been tried too far. That irrevocable sentence, that assumed sternness, had struck upon a heart, already breaking. Calantha was with some difficulty brought to herself. "Is he gone?" were the first words she uttered. "Oh! let him not leave me yet."

Sir Richard, having waited at Belfont till his patience was wholly exhausted, had entered the castle, and seeing how matters were likely to terminate, urged his nephew with extreme severity to be firm. "This is all art," he said: "be not moved by it." Lord Avondale waited to hear that Calantha was better, then entered the carriage, and drove off. "I will stay awhile," said Sir Richard, "and see how she is; but if you wait for me at Kelly Cross, I will overtake you there. Be firm: this is all subterfuge, and what might have been expected."

Calantha upon recovering, sought Sir Richard. Her looks were haggard and wild: despair had given them a dreadful expression. "Have mercy—have mercy. I command, I do not implore you to grant me one request," she said—"to give me yet one chance, however, undeserved. Let me see him, cruel man: let me kneel to him." "Kneel to him!" cried Sir Richard, with indignation: "never, You have used your arts long enough to make a fool, and a slave, of a noble, confiding husband. There is some justice in Heaven: I thank God his eyes are open at last. He has acted like a man. Had he pardoned an adulteress—had he heard her, and suffered his reason to be beguiled—had he taken again to his heart the wanton who has sacrificed his honour, his happiness, and every tie, I would have renounced him for ever. No, no, he shall not return: by God, he shall not see you again."

“Have mercy,” still repeated Lady Avondale; but it was but faintly. “I’ll never have mercy for one like you, serpent, who having been fondled in his bosom, bit him to the heart. Are you not ashamed to look at me?” Calantha’s tears had flowed in the presence of her husband; but now they ceased. Sir Richard softened in his manner. “Our chances in life are as in a lottery,” he said; “and if one who draws the highest prize of all, throws it away in very wantonness, and then sits down to mourn for it, who will be so great a hypocrite, or so base a flatterer, as to affect compassion? You had no pity for him: you ought not to be forgiven.”

“Can you answer it to yourself to refuse me one interview? Can you have the heart to speak with such severity to one already fallen?” “Madam, why do you appeal to me? What are you approaching me for? What can I do?”

“Oh, there will be curses on your

head, Sir Richard, for this ; but I will follow him. There is no hope for me but in seeing him myself." "There is no hope at all, madam," said Sir Richard, triumphantly : "he's my own nephew ; and he acts as he ought. Lady Avondale, he desires you may be treated with every possible respect. Your children will be left with you, as long as your conduct——" "Will he see me?" "Never."

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

SIR RICHARD ordered his carriage at twelve that evening, and did not even tell Lady Avondale that he was going from the castle. Calantha, fatigued with the exertions of the day, too ill and too agitated to leave her room, threw herself upon the bed near her little son. Mac Allain and the nurse spoke with her; promised to perform her last injunctions; then left her to herself.

The soft breathing of Harry Mowbrey, who slept undisturbed beside her, soothed and composed her mind. Her thoughts now travelled back with rapidity over the varied scenes of her early and happier days: her life appeared before her like a momentary trance—like a dream that leaves a feverish and indis-

tinct alarm upon the mind. The span of existence recurred in memory to her view, and with it all its hopes, its illusions, and its fears. She started with abhorrence at every remembrance of her former conduct, her infidelity and neglect to the best and kindest of husbands—her disobedience to an honoured parent's commands. Tears of agonizing remorse streamed from her eyes.

In that name of husband the full horror of her guilt appeared. Every event had conspired together to blast his rising fortunes, and his dawning fame. His generous forbearance to herself, was, in fact, a sacrifice of every worldly hope; for, of all sentiments, severe and just resentment from one deeply injured, is that which excites the strongest sympathy; while a contrary mode of conduct, however founded upon the highest and best qualities of a noble mind, is rarely appreciated. The cry of justice is alone supported; and the husband who

spares and protects an erring wife, sacrifices his future hopes of fame and exalted reputation at the shrine of mercy and of love. She suddenly started with alarm. "What then will become of me?" she cried. "The measure of my iniquity is at its full."

Calantha's tears fell upon her sleeping boy. He awoke, and he beheld his mother; but he could not discern the agitation of her mind. He looked on her, therefore, with that radiant look of happiness which brightens the smile of childhood; nor knew, as he snatched one kiss in haste, that it was the last, the last kiss from a mother, which ever through life should bless him with its pressure.

It was now near the hour of twelve; and Mrs. Seymour cautiously approached Calantha's bed. "Is it time?" "Not yet, my child." "Is Sir Richard gone?" "No; he is still in his own apartment. I have written a few lines," said Mrs. Seymour tenderly; "but if you fail,

what hope is there that any thing I can say will avail?" "Had my mother lived," said Calantha, "she had acted as you have done. You look so like her at this moment, that it breaks my heart. Thank God, she does not live, to see her child's disgrace." As she spoke, Calantha burst into tears, and threw her arms around her aunt's neck.

"Calm yourself, my child." "Hear me," said Lady Avondale. "Perhaps I shall never more see you. I have drawn down such misery upon myself, that I cannot bear up under it. If I should die,—and there is a degree of grief that kills —- take care of my children. Hide from them their mother's errors. Oh, my dear aunt, at such a moment as this, how all that attracted in life, all that appeared brilliant, fades away. What is it I have sought for? Not real happiness—not virtue, but vanity, and far worse." "Calantha," said Mrs. Seymour, as she wept over her

niece, "there is much to say in palliation of thy errors. The heart is sometimes tried by prosperity; and it is in my belief the most difficult of all trials to resist. Who then shall dare to say, that there was not one single pretext, or excuse, for thy ill conduct? No wish, no desire of thine was ever ungratified. This in itself is some palliation. Speak, Calantha: fear not; for who shall plead for thee, if thou thyself art silent?"

"From the deep recesses of a guilty, yet not humble heart, in the agony and the hopelessness of despair," said Calantha, "I acknowledge before God and before man, that for me there is no excuse. I have felt, I have enjoyed every happiness, every delight, the earth can offer. Its vanities, its pleasures, its transports have been mine; and in all instances I have misused the power with which I have been too much and too long entrusted. Oh, may the God of worlds innumerable, who scatters his

blessings upon all, and maketh his rain to fall upon the sinner, as upon the righteous, extend his mercy even unto me."

"Can I do any thing for you, my child?" said Mrs. Seymour. "Speak for me to Sophia and Frances," said Calantha, "and say one word for me to the good and the kind; for indeed I have ever found the really virtuous most kind. As to the rest, if any of those with whom I passed my happier days remember me, tell them, that even in this last sad hour I think with affection of them; and say, that when I look back even now with melancholy pleasure upon a career, which, though short, was gay and brilliant—upon happiness, which though too soon misused and thrown away, was real and great, it is the remembrance of my friends, and companions—it is the thought of their affection and kindness, which adds to and imbitters every regret—for that kindness was lavished in vain. Tell them

I do not hope that my example can amend them: they will not turn from one wrong pursuit for me; they will not compare themselves with Calantha; they have not an Avondale to leave and to betray. Yet when they read my history—if amidst the severity of justice which such a narrative must excite, some feelings of forgiveness and pity should arise, perhaps the prayer of one, who has suffered much, may ascend for them, and the thanks of a broken heart be accepted in return.”

Mrs. Seymour wept, and promised to perform Calantha's wishes. She was still with her, when Mac Allain knocked at the door, and whispered, that all was in readiness. “Explain every thing to my father,” said Calantha, again embracing her aunt; “and now farewell.”

CHAPTER LXXXVIII.



“SURE what a stormy night it is! Lard help us, Mr. Mac Allain,” said the nurse, as she wrapped her thick cloth mantle over the sweet slumberer that fondled in her bosom, and got into a post-chaise and four with much trepidation and difficulty. “I never saw the like! there’s wind enough to blow us into the sea, and sea enough to deluge the land. The Holy Virgin, and all the saints protect us!” Gerald Mac Allain having with some trouble secured the reluctant and loquacious matron, now returned for another and a dearer charge, who, trembling and penitent, followed him to the carriage. “Farewell, my kind preserver,” said Calantha, her voice scarcely audible. “God bless, God protect you,

dear lady," said the old man in bitter grief. "Take care of Henry. Tell my father that I have been led to this step by utter despair. Let no one suspect your friendly aid. Lord Avondale, though he may refuse to see me, will not be offended with the kind hearts that had pity on my misfortunes." "God bless you, dear lady," again reiterated the old man, as the carriage drove swiftly from the gates.

But the blessing of God was not with Lady Avondale; she had renounced his favour and protection in the hour of prosperity; and she durst not even implore his mercy or his pardon in her present affliction. Thoughts of bitterness crowded together: she could no longer weep—the pressure upon her heart and brain would not permit it.

"Eh! dear heart, how the carriage rowls!" was the first exclamation which awoke her to a remembrance of her situation. "We are ascending the moun-

tain. Fear not, good nurse. Your kindness in accompanying me shall never be forgotten." "Och musha, what a piteous night it is!--I did not reckon upon it." "You shall be rewarded and doubly rewarded for your goodness. I shall never forget it. Lord Avondale will reward you," "Hey sure you make me weep to hear you; but I wish you'd tell the cattle not to drive so uncommon brisk up the precipice. Lord have mercy, if there ain't shrouds flying over the mountains!" "It is only the flakes of snow driven by the tempest."

"Do not fret yourself thus," continued Lady Avondale. "I will take care of you, good nurse." "I have heard say, and sure I hope it's no sin to mention it again, my lady, that the wind's nothing more than the souls of bad christians, who can't get into Heaven, driven onward, alacks the pity! and shrieking as they pass." "I have heard the same,"

replied Calantha mournfully. “Och lard! my lady, I hope not: I’m sure its a horrid thought. I hope, my lady, you don’t believe it. But how terrible your dear ladyship looks, by the light of the moon. I trust in all the saints, the robbers have not heard of our journey.--- Hark what a shriek!” “It is nothing but the wind rushing over the vast body of the sea. You must not give way to terror. See how the child sleeps: they say one may go in safety the world over, with such a cherub: Heaven protects it. Sing it to rest, nurse, or tell it some merry tale.”

The carriage proceeded over the rocky path, for it could scarce be termed a road; the wind whistled in at the windows; and the snow drifting, covered every object. “There it comes again,” said the affrighted nurse. “What comes?” “The shroud with the death’s head peeping out of it. It was just such a night as this, last Friday night as ever

came, when the doctor's brother, the prophet Camioli, on his death bed, sent for his ungrateful daughter, and she would not come. I never shall forget that night. Well, if I did not hear the shriek of the dear departed two full hours after he gave up the ghost. The lord help us in life, as in death, and defend us from wicked children. I hope your dear ladyship doesn't remember that it was just on this very spot at the crossing, that Drax O'Morven was murdered by his son: and isn't there the cross, as I live, just placed right over against the road to warn passengers of their danger.--- Oh!"....

"What is the matter, nurse? For God sake speak." "Oh!".... "Stop the carriage. In the name of his Grace the Duke of Altamonte, I desire you to stop," cried a voice from behind. "Drive on, boys, for your life. Drive on in mercy. We are just at Baron's Down :---I see the lights of the village, at the bottom

of the hill. Drive for your life: a guinea for every mile you go." The nurse shrieked; the carriage flew; jolts, ruts, and rocks, were unheeded by Calantha. "We are pursued. Rush on:—reach Baron's Down:—gallop your horses. Fear not. I value not life, if you but reach the inn—if you but save me from this pursuit." "Stop," cried a voice of thunder." "Fear not," "Drive Johnny Carl," screamed the nurse. "Drive Johnny Carl," repeated the servant.

The horses flew; the post boys clashed their whips; the carriage wheels scarce appeared to touch the ground. A yell from behind seemed only to redouble their exertions. They arrive: Baron's Down appears in sight: lights are seen at the windows of the inn. The post-boys ring and call: the doors are open: Lady Avondale flew from the carriage:—a servant of the duke's arrested her progress. "I am sorry to make so bold;

but I come with letters from his grace your father. Your Ladyship may remain at Baron's Down to-night; but to-morrow I must see you safe to the castle. Pardon my apparent boldness: it is unwillingly that I presume to address you thus. My commands are positive."

"Sure there's not the laist room at all for the ladies; nor any baists to be had, all the way round Baron's Down; nor ever so much as a boy to be fetched, as can take care of the cattle over the mountain," said the master of the inn, now joining in the conversation. "What will become of us?" cried the nurse. "Dear, dear lady, be prevailed on: give up your wild enterprise: return to your father. Lady Anabel will be quite kilt with the fatigue. Be prevailed upon: give up this hopeless journey." "You may return, if it is your pleasure: I never will." "Your ladyship will excuse me," said the servant, producing some letters; "but I must entreat your

perusal of these, before you attempt to proceed."

"You had better give my lady your best accommodations," said the nurse in confidence to the landlord: "she is a near connexion of the Duke of Altamonte's. You may repent any neglect you may shew to a traveller of such high rank." "There's nae rank will make room," retorted the landlord. "Were she the late duchess herself, I could only give her my bed, and go without one. But indeed couldn't a trifle prevail with the baists as brought you, to step over the mountains as far as Killy Cross?" "There's nae trifle," said a man, much wrapped up, who had been watching Lady Avondale—"there's nae trifle shall get ye to Killy Cross, make ye what haste ye can, but what we'll be there before ye." Calantha shuddered at the meaning of this threat, which she did not understand; but the nurse informed her it was a servant of Sir Richard Mowbrey's.

CHAPTER LXXXIX.

THE letters from her father, Lady Avondale refused to read. Many remonstrances passed between herself and the duke's servant. The result was a slow journey in the dark night, over a part of the country which was said to be infested by the marauders. No terror alarmed Lady Avondale, save that of losing a last, an only opportunity of once more seeing her husband—of throwing herself upon his mercy--of imploring him to return to his family, even though she were exiled from it. "Yet, I will not kneel to him, or ask it. If when he sees me, he has the heart to refuse me," she cried, "I will only shew him my child; and if he can look upon it, and kill its mother, let him do it. I think in that

case—yes, I do feel certain that I can encounter death, without a fear, or a murmur.

The carriage was at this time turning down a steep descent, when some horsemen galloping past, bade them make way for Sir Richard Mowbrey. Calantha recognized the voice of the servant: it was the same who had occasioned her so much alarm at the inn near Baron Moor. But the nurse exclaimed in terror that it was one of the rebels: she knew him, she said, by his white uniform; and the presence alone of the admiral, in the duke's carriage, convinced her of her mistake. "Thanks be to heaven," cried she the moment she beheld him, "it is in rail earnest the old gentleman." "Thanks be to heaven," said Calantha, "he either did not recognize me, or cares not to prevent my journey." "We'll, if it isn't himself," said the nurse, "and the saints above only know why he rides for pleasure,

this dismal night, over these murderous mountains ; but at all events he is well guarded. Alack ! we are friendless.”

Lady Avondale sighed as the nurse in a tremulous voice ejaculated these observations ; for the truth of the last remark gave it much weight. But little did she know at the moment, when the admiral passed, how entirely her fate depended on him.

It was not till morning they arrived at Kelly Cross. “ Bless my heart, how terrible you look. What’s the matter, sweet heart ?” said the nurse as they alighted from the carriage.—“ Look up, dear.—What is the matter ?”—“ Nurse, there is a pressure upon my brain, like an iron hand ; and my eyes see nothing but dimness. Oh God ! where am I ! Send, oh nurse, send my aunt Seymour—Call my—my husband—tell Lord Avondale to come—is he still here ?—There’s death on me : I feel it here—here.”—“ Look up, sweet dear :---cheer yourself :

---you'll be better presently." "Never more, nurse—never more. There is death on me, even as it came straight upon my mother. Oh God!"---"Where is the pain?" "It came like ice upon my heart, and my limbs feel chilled and numbed.---Avondale---Avondale."

Calantha was carried to a small room, and laid upon a bed. The waiter said that Lord Avondale was still at the inn. The nurse hastened to call him. He was surprised; but not displeased when he heard that Lady Avondale was arrived. He rushed towards her apartment. Sir Richard was with him. "By G—d, Avondale, if you forgive her, I will never see you more. Whilst I live, she shall never dwell in my house." "Then mine shall shelter her," said Lord Avondale, breaking from Sir Richard's grasp: "this is too much;" and with an air of kindness, with a manner gentle and affectionate, Lord Avondale now entered, and approached his wife. "Calantha,"

he said, "do not thus give way to the violence of your feelings. I wish not to appear stern.--- My God! what is the matter?" "Your poor lady is dying," said the nurse. "For the love of mercy, speak one gracious word to her." "I will, I do," said Lord Avondale, alarmed. "Calantha," he whispered, without one reproach, "whatever have been your errors, turn here for shelter to a husband's bosom. I will never leave you. Come here, thou lost one. Thou hast strayed from thy guide and friend. But were it to seal my ruin, I must, I do pardon thee. Oh! come again, unhappy, lost Calantha. Heaven forgive you, as I do, from my soul.--- What means this silence---this agonizing suspense?"

"She faints," cried the nurse. "May God have mercy!" said Lady Avondale. "There is something on my mind. I wish to speak---to tell---your kindness kills me. I repent all.---Oh, is it too

late?"---It was.---For amendment, for return from error, for repentance it was too late. Death struck her at that moment. One piercing shriek proclaimed his power, as casting up her eyes with bitterness and horror, she fixed them upon Lord Avondale.

That piercing shriek had escaped from a broken heart. It was the last chord of nature, stretched to the utmost till it broke. A cold chill spread itself over her limbs. In the struggle of death, she had thrown her arms around her husband's neck; and when her tongue cleaved to her mouth, and her lips were cold and powerless, her eyes yet bright with departing life had fixed themselves earnestly upon him, as if imploring pardon for the past.

Oh, resist not that look, Avondale! it is the last. Forgive her—pity her: and if they call it weakness in thee thus to weep, tell them that man is weak,

and death dissolves the keenest enmities. Oh! tell them, that there is something in a last look from those whom we have once loved, to which the human soul can never be insensible. But when that look is such as was Calantha's, and when the last prayer her dying lips expressed was for mercy, who shall dare to refuse and to resist it? It might have rent a harder bosom than thine. It may ascend and plead before the throne of mercy. It was the prayer of a dying penitent:—it was the agonizing look of a breaking heart.

Weep then, too generous Avondale, for that frail being who lies so pale so cold in death before thee. Weep; for thou wilt never find again another like her. She was the sole mistress of thy affections, and could wind and turn thee at her will. She knew and felt her power, and trifled with it to a dangerous excess. Others may be fairer, and more

accomplished in the arts which mortals prize, and more cunning in devices and concealment of their thoughts; but none can ever be so dear to Avondale's heart as was Calantha.

CHAPTER XC.

SIR RICHARD wished to say one word to console Lord Avondale; but he could not. He burst into tears; and knelt down by the side of Calantha. "I am an old man," he said. "You thought me severe; but I would have died, child, to save you. Look up and get well. I can't bear to see this:—no, I can't bear it." He now reproached himself. "I have acted rightly perhaps, and as she deserved; but what of that: if God were to act by us all as we deserve, where should we be? Look up, child—open your eyes again—I'd give all I have on earth to see you smile once on me—to feel even that little hand press mine in token of forgiveness." "Uncle," said Lord Avondale, in a faltering voice,

“ whatever Calantha’s faults, she forgave every one, however they had injured her; and she loved you.” “ That makes it all the worse,” said the admiral. “ I can’t believe she’s dead.”

Sir Richard’s sorrow, whether just or otherwise, came too late. Those who act with rigid justice here below—those who take upon themselves to punish the sinner whom God for inscrutable purposes one moment spares, should sometimes consider that the object against whom their resentment is excited will soon be no more. Short-lived is the enjoyment even of successful guilt. An hour’s triumph has perhaps been purchased by misery so keen, that were we to know all, we should only commiserate the wretch we now seek to subdue and to punish. The name of christians we have assumed; the doctrine of our religion, we have failed to study. How often when passion and rancour move us to shew our zeal in the cause of virtue,

by oppressing and driving to ruin unutterable, what we call successful villainy, the next hour brings us the news that the object of our indignation is dead.---That soul is gone, however polluted, to answer before another throne for its offences. Ah! who can say that our very severity to such offender may not turn back upon ourselves, and be registered in the Heaven we look forward to with such presumption, to exclude us for ever from it.

Sir Richard gazed sadly now upon his nephew. "Don't make yourself ill, Henry," he said. "Bear up under this shock. If it makes you ill, it will be my death." "I know you are too generous," said Lord Avondale, "not to feel for me." "I can't stay any longer here," said Sir Richard, weeping. "You look at me in a manner to break my heart. I will return to the castle; tell them all that has happened; and then bring the children to you at Allenwater. I will go

and fetch Henry to you.” “I can’t see him now,” said Lord Avondale: “he is so like her.” “Can I do any thing else for you?” said Sir Richard. “Uncle,” said Lord Avondale mournfully, “go to the castle, and tell them I ask that every respect should be shewn in the last rites they offer to——” “Oh, I understand you,” said Sir Richard, crying: “there will be no need to say that---she’s lov’d enough.” “Aye that she was,” said the nurse; “and whatever her faults, there’s many a-one prays for her at this hour; for since the day [of her birth, did she ever turn away from those who were miserable or in distress?” “She betrayed her husband,” said Sir Richard. “She had the kindest, noblest heart,” replied Lord Avondale. “I know her faults: her merits few like to remember. Uncle, I cannot but feel with bitterness the zeal that some have shewn against her.” “Do not speak thus, Henry,” said Sir Richard. “I

would have stood by her to the last, had she lived; but she never would appear penitent and humble. I thought her wanting in feeling. She braved every one; and did so many things that....”

“She is dead,” said Lord Avondale, greatly agitated. “Oh, by the affection you profess for me, spare her memory.”

“You loved her then even——.” “I loved her better than any thing in life.”

Sir Richard wept bitterly. “My dear boy, take care of yourself,” he said. “Let me hear from you.” “You shall hear of me,” said Lord Avondale. The admiral then took his leave; and Lord Avondale returned into Calantha’s apartment. The nurse followed. Affected at seeing his little girl, he prest her to his heart, and desired she might immediately be sent to Allenwater. Then ordering every one from the room, he turned to look for the last time upon Calantha. There was not the faintest tint of colour on her pale transparent

cheek. The dark lashes of her eye shaded its soft blue lustre from his mournful gaze. There was a silence around. It was the calm—the stillness of the grave.

Lord Avondale pressed her lips to his. “God bless, and pardon thee, Calantha,” he cried. “Now even I can look upon thee and weep. O, how could’st thou betray me! ‘It is not an
‘ open enemy that hath done me this dis-
‘ honour, for then I could have borne it:
‘ neither was it mine adversary that did
‘ magnify himself against me; for then
‘ peradventure I would have hid myself
‘ from him: but it was even thou, my
‘ companion, my guide, and mine own
familiar friend.’——We took sweet counsel together.... farewell! It was myself who led thee to thy ruin. I loved thee more than man should love so frail a being, and then I left thee to thyself. I could not bear to grieve thee; I could not bear to curb thee; and thou hast lost

me and thyself. Farewell. Thy death has left me free to act. Thou had'st a strange power over my heart, and thou did'st misuse it."

As he uttered these words, while yet in presence of the lifeless form of his departed, his guilty wife, he prepared to leave the mournful scene. "Send the children to Allénwater, if you have mercy." These were the last words he addrest to the nurse as he hurried from her presence.

O man, how weak and impotent is thy nature ! Thou can'st hate, and love, and kiss the lips of thy enemy, and strike thy dagger into the bosom of a friend. Thou can'st command thousands, and govern empires ; but thou can'st not rule thy stormy passions, nor alter the destiny that leads thee on. And could Avondale thus weep for an ungrateful wife ? Let those who live long enough in this cold world to feel its heartlessness, answer such enquiry. Whatever she had

been, Calantha was still his friend. Together they had tried the joys and ills of life; the same interests united them: and the children as they turned to their father, pleaded for the mother whom they resembled.—Nothing, however, fair or estimable, can replace the loss of an early friend. Nothing that after-life can offer will influence us in the same degree. It has been said, that although our feelings are less acute in maturer age than in youth, yet the young mind will soonest recover from the blow that falls heaviest upon it. In that season of our life, we have it in our power, it is said, in a measure to repair the losses which we have sustained. But these are the opinions of the aged, whose pulse beats low—whose reasoning powers can pause, and weigh and measure out the affections of others. In youth these losses affect the very seat of life and reason, chill the warm blood in its rapid current, unnerve every fibre

of the frame, and cause the phrenzy of despair.

The duke was calm ; but Lord Avondale felt with bitterness his injury and his loss. The sovereign who has set his seal to the sentence of death passed upon the traitor who had betrayed him, oftentimes in after-life has turned to regret the friend, the companion he has lost. "She was consigned to me when pure and better than those who now upbraid her. I had the guidance of her ; and I led her myself into temptation and ruin. Can a few years have thus spoiled and hardened a noble nature ! Where are the friends and flatterers, Calantha, who surrounded thee in an happier hour ? I was abandoned for them : where are they now ? Is there not one to turn and plead for thee—not one ! They are gone in quest of new amusement. Some other is the favourite of the day. The fallen are remembered only by their faults."

CHAPTER CXI.

LORD AVONDALE wrote to Glenarvon, desiring an immediate interview. He followed him to England; and it was some months before he could find where he was. He sought him in every place of public resort, amidst the gay troop of companions who were accustomed to surround him, and in the haunts of his most lonely retirement. At length he heard that he was expected to return to Ireland, after a short cruize. Lord Avondale waited the moment of his arrival; watched on the eve of his return, and traced him to the very spot, where, alas! he had so often met his erring partner.

It was the last evening in June. Glenarvon stood upon the high cliff;

and Lord Avondale approached and passed him twice. "Glenarvon," at length he cried, "do you know me, or are you resolved to appear ignorant of my intentions?" "I presume that it is Lord Avondale whom I have the honour of addressing." "You see a wretch before you, who has neither title, nor country, nor fame, nor parentage. You know my wrongs. My heart is bleeding. Defend yourself; for one of us must die." "Avondale," said Lord Glenarvon, "I will never defend myself against you. You are the only man who dares with impunity address me in this tone and language. I accept not this challenge. Remember that I stand before you defenceless. My arm shall never be raised against your's."

"Take this, and defend yourself," cried Lord Avondale in violent agitation. "I know you a traitor to every feeling of manly principle, honour and integrity. I know you; and your mock generosity,

and lofty language shall not save you.”
“Is it come to this?” said Glenarvon, smiling with bitterness. “Then take thy will. I stand prepared. ’Tis well to risk so much for such a virtuous wife! She is an honourable lady—a most chaste and loving wife. I hope she greeted thee on thy return with much tenderness: I counselled her so to do; and when we have settled this affair, after the most approved fashion, then bear from me my best remembrances and love. Aye, my love, Avondale: ’tis a light charge to carry, and will not burthen thee.”

“Defend yourself,” cried Lord Avondale fiercely. “If it is thy mad wish, then be it so, and now stand off.” Saying this, Glenarvon accepted the pistol, and at the same moment that Lord Avondale discharged his, he fired in the air. “This shall not save you,” cried Lord Avondale, in desperation. “Treat me not like a child. Glenarvon, pre-

pare. One of us shall die.---Traitor !---villain !” “ Madman,” said Glenarvon scornfully, “ take your desire ; and if one of us indeed must fall, be it you.” As he spoke, his livid countenance betrayed the malignity of his soul. He discharged his pistol full at his adversary’s breast. Lord Avondale staggered for a moment. Then, with a sudden effort, “ The wound is trifling,” he cried, and, flying from the proffered assistance of Glenarvon, mounted his horse, and galloped from the place.

No seconds, no witnesses, attended this dreadful scene. It took place upon the bleak moors behind Inis Tara’s heights, just at the hour of the setting sun. “ I could have loved that man,” said Glenarvon, as he watched him in the distance. “ He has nobleness, generosity, sincerity. I only assume the appearance of those virtues. My heart and his must never be compared : therefore I am compelled to hate him :---but

O ! not so much as I abhor myself." Thus saying, he turned with bitterness from the steep, and descended with a firm step by the side of the mountain.

Glenarvon stopped not for the rugged pathway ; but he paused to look again upon the stream of Elle, as it came rushing down the valley : and he paused to cast one glance of welcome upon Inis Tara, Glenarvon bay, and the harbour terminating the wide extended prospect. The myrtles and arbutus grew luxuriantly, intermixed with larch and firs. The air was hot : the ground was parched and dry. The hollow sound of the forests ; the murmuring noise of the waves of the sea ; the tinkling bell that at a distance sounded from the scattered flocks—all filled his heart with vague remembrances of happier days, and sad forebodings of future sorrow. As he approached the park of Castle Delaval, he met with some of the tenantry, who informed him of Calantha's death.

Miss St. Clare stood before him. Perhaps at that moment his heart was softened by what he had just heard: I know not; but approaching her, "St. Clare," he cried, "give me your hand: it is for the last time I ask it. I have been absent for some months. I have heard that which afflicts me. Do not you also greet me unkindly. Pardon the past. I may have had errors; but to save, to reclaim you, is there any thing I would not do?" St. Clare made no answer. "You may have discomforts of which I know not. Perhaps you are poor and unprotected. All that I possess, I would give you, if that would render you more happy." Still she made no reply. "You know not, I fancy, that my castles have been restored to me, and a gallant ship given me by the English court. I have sailed, St. Clare: I only now return for a few weeks, before I am called hence for ever. Accept some mark of my regard;

and pardon an involuntary fault. Give me your hand.”—“Never,” she replied: “all others, upon this new accession of good fortune, shall greet and receive you with delight. The world shall smile upon you, Glenarvon; but I never. I forgave you my own injuries, but not Calantha’s and my country’s.

“Is it possible, that one so young as you are, and this too but a first fault, is it possible you can be so unrelenting?”—“A first fault, Glenarvon! The lessons you have taught were not in vain: they have been since repeated; but my crimes be on you!”---“Is it not for your sake, miserable outcast, alone, that I asked you to forgive me? What is your forgiveness to me? I am wealthy, and protected: am I not? Tell me, wretched girl, what are you?”---“Solitary, poor, abandoned, degraded,” said Miss St. Clare: “why do you ask? you know it.”---“And yet when I offer all things

to you, cannot you bring that stubborn heart to pardon?"---"No: were it in the hour of death, I could not."---"Oh, Elinor, do not curse me at that hour. I am miserable enough."---"The curse of a broken heart is terrible," said Miss St. Clare, as she left him; "but it is already given. Vain is that youthful air; vain, my lord, your courtesy, and smiles, and fair endowments:---the curse of a broken heart is on you: and, by night and by day, it cries to you as from the grave. Farewell, Glenarvon: we shall meet no more."

Glenarvon descended by the glen: his followers passed him in the well known haunt; but each as they passed him muttered unintelligible sounds of discontent: though the words, "ill luck to you," not unfrequently fell upon his ear.

CHAPTER XCII.

FROM Kelly Cross to Allenwater, the road passes through mountains which, rough and craggy, exhibit a terrific grandeur. The inhabitants in this part of the country are uncivilized and ferocious. Their appearance strongly betokens oppression, poverty, and neglect. A herd of goats may be seen browsing upon the tops of the broken cliffs; but no other cattle, nor green herbage. A desolate cabin here and there; inactivity, silence, and despondency, every where prevail. The night was sultry, and the tired horse of Lord Avondale hung back to the village he had left, and slowly ascended the craggy steep. When he had attained the summit of the mountain,

he paused to rest, exhausted by the burning pain of his wound.

Lord Avondale then looked back at the scenes he had left.

Before his eyes appeared in one extensive view the bright silver surface of Glenarvon bay, breaking through the dark shades of distant wood, under the heights of Inis Tara and Heremon, upon whose lofty summits the light of the moonbeam fell. To the right, the Dartland hills arose in majestic grandeur; and far onwards, stretching to the clouds, his own native hills, the black mountains of Morne; while the river Allan, winding its way through limestone rocks and woody glens, rapidly approached towards the sea.

Whilst yet pausing to gaze upon these fair prospects, on a night so clear and serene, that every star shone forth to light him on his way, yells terrible and disorderly broke upon the sacred stillness,

and a party of the rebels rushed upon him. He drew his sword, and called loudly to them to desist. Collingwood, an attendant who had waited for him at the inn, and had since accompanied him, exclaimed: "Will you murder your master, will you attack your lord, for that he is returning amongst you?"—"He wears the English uniform," cried one. "Sure he's one of the butchers sent to destroy us. We'll have no masters, no lords: he must give up his commission, and his titles, or not expect to pass."—"Never," said Lord Avondale, indignantly: "had I no commission, no title to defend, still as a man, free and independent, I would protect the laws and rights of my insulted country. Attempt not by force to oppose yourselves to my passage. I will pass without asking or receiving your permission."

"It is Avondale, the lord's son," cried one: "I know him by his spirit.

Long life to you ! and glory, and pleasure attend you."---" Long life to your honour !" exclaimed one and all ; and in a moment the enthusiasm in his favour was as great, as general, as had been at first the execration and violence against him. The attachment they bore to their lord was still strong. " Fickle, senseless beings !" he said, with bitter contempt, as he heard their loyal cry. " These are the creatures we would take to govern us : this is the voice of the people : these are the rights of man."---" Sure but you'll pity us, and forgive us ; and you'll be our king again, and live amongst us ; and the young master's just gone to the mansion ; and didn't we draw him into his own courts ? and ain't we returning to our cabins after seeing the dear creature safe : and, for all the world, didn't we indade take ye for one of the murderers in the uniform, come to kill us, and make us slaves ? Long life to your honour !"

All the time they thus spoke, they kept running after Lord Avondale, who urged on his horse to escape from their persecution. A thousand pangs at this instant tortured his mind. This was the retreat in which he and Calantha had passed the first, and happiest year of their marriage. The approach to it was agony. The fever on his mind augmented. The sight of his children, whom he had ordered to be conveyed thither, would be terrible:—he dreaded, yet he longed to clasp them once more to his bosom. The people had named but one, and that was Harry Mowbrey. Was Anabel also there? Would she look on him, and remind him of Calantha? These were enquiries he hardly durst suggest to himself.

Lord Avondale hastened on. And now the road passed winding by the banks of the rapid and beautiful Allan, till it led to the glen, where a small villa, adorned with flower gardens, wood and

lawn, broke upon his sight. His heart was cheerless, in the midst of joy : he was poor, whilst abundance surrounded him. Collingwood rang at the bell. The crowd had reached the door, and many a heart, and many a voice, welcomed home the brave Lord Avondale. He passed them in gloom and silence. "Are the children arrived?" he said, in a voice of bitterness, to the old steward, whose glistening eyes he wished not to encounter. "They came, God bless them, last night. They are not yet awakened." "Leave me," said Lord Avondale. "I too require rest;" and he locked himself into the room prepared for his reception; whilst Collingwood informed the astonished gazers that their lord was ill, and required to be alone. "He was not used," they said, as they mournfully retired, "to greet us thus. But whatever he thinks of his own people, we would one and all gladly lay down our lives to serve him."

CHAPTER XCIII.

UPON that night when the meeting between Lord Glenarvon and Lord Avondale had taken place, the great procession in honour of St. Katharine passed through the town of Belfont. Miss St. Clare, having waited during the whole of the day to see it, rode to St. Mary's church, and returned by the shores of the sea, at a late hour. As she passed and repassed before her uncle's house, she turned her dark eye upwards, and saw that many visitors and guests were there. They had met together to behold the procession.

Lauriana and Jessica stood in their mother's bay window. Tyrone, Carter, Grey, and Verny, spoke to them concerning their cousin. "See where she rides

by, in defiance," said one. "Miss St. Clare, fie upon this humour," cried another: "the very stones cry shame on you, and our modest maidens turn from their windows, that they may not blush to see you." "Then are there few enough of that quality in Belfont," said St. Clare smiling; "for when I pass, the windows are thronged, and every eye is fixed upon me." "What weight has the opinion of others with you?" "None." "What your own conscience?" "None." "Do you believe in the religion of your fathers?" "It were presumption to believe: I doubt all things." "You have read this; and it is folly in you to repeat it; for wherein has Miss Elinor a right to be wiser than the rest of us?" "It is contemptible in fools to affect superior wisdom." "Better believe that which is false, than dare to differ from the just and the wise: the opinion of ages should be sacred: the religion and laws of our forefathers

must be supported.” “Preach to the winds, Jessica: they’ll bear your murmurs far, and my course is ended.”

The evening was still: no breeze was felt; and the swelling billows of the sea were like a smooth sheet of glass, so quiet, so clear. Lauriana played upon the harp, and flatterers told her that she played better than St. Clare. She struck the chords to a warlike air, and a voice, sweet as a seraph angel’s, sung from below. “St. Clare, is it you? Well I know that silver-sounding voice. The day has been hot, and you have ridden far: dismount, and enter here. An aunt and relations yet live to receive and shelter thee. What, though all the world scorn, and censure thee, still this is thy home. Enter here, and you shall be at peace.” “Peace and my heart are at variance. I have ridden far, as you say, and I am weary: yet I must journey to the mountains, before I rest. Let me ride on in haste. My course will soon

be o'er." "By Glenarvon's name I arrest you," said Lauriana. "Oh, not that name: all but that I can bear to hear."

Cormac O'Leary, and Carter, and Tyrone, now come down, and assisted in persuading her to alight. "Sing to us," they cried. "What hand can strike the harp like thine? What master taught thee this heavenly harmony?" "Oh, had you heard his song who taught me, then had you wept in pity for my loss. What does life present that's worth even a prayer? What can Heaven offer, having taken from me all that my soul adored? Why name Glenarvon? It is like raising a spirit from the grave; or giving life again to the heart that is dead: it is as if a ray of the sun's glorious light shone upon these cold senseless rocks; or as if a garden of paradise were raised in the midst of a desert: birds of prey and sea-fowl alone inhabit here. They should be something like Glenarvon who dare

to name him.” “Was he all this indeed?” said Niel Carter incredulously.

“When he spoke, it was like the soft sound of music. The wild impassioned strains of his lyre awakened in the soul every emotion: it was with a master-hand that he struck the chords; and all the fire of genius and poetry accompanied the sound. When Heaven itself has shed its glory upon the favourite of his creation, shall mortal beings turn insensible from the splendid ray? You have maddened me: you have pronounced a name I consider sacred.”

“This prodigy of Heaven, however,” said Cormac O’Leary, “behaves but scurvily to man. Glenarvon it seems has left his followers, as he has his mistress. Have you heard, that in consequence of his services, he is reinstated in his father’s possessions, a ship is given to him, and a fair and lovely lady has accepted his hand? Even now, he sails with the

English admiral and Sir Richard Mowbrey."

The rich crimson glow faded from Elinor's cheek. She smiled, but it was to conceal the bitterness of her heart. She knew the tale was true; but she cared not to repeat it. She mounted her horse, and desiring Cormac O'Leary, Niel Carter, and others, to meet her that night at Inis Tara, she rode away, with more appearance of gaiety than many a lighter heart.

CHAPTER XCIV.

ELINOR rode not to the mountains; she appeared not again at Belfont; but turning her horse towards the convent of Glanaa, she entered there, and asked if her aunt the abbess were yet alive. "She is alive," said one of those who remembered Miss St. Clare; "but she is much changed since she last beheld you. Grieving for you has brought her to this pass."

What the nun had said was true. The abbess was much changed in appearance; but through the decay, and wrinkles of age, the serenity and benevolence of a kind and pious heart remained. She started back at first, when she saw Miss St. Clare. That unfeminine attire inspired her with feelings of disgust: all

she had heard too of her abandoned conduct chilled her interest; and that compassion which she had willingly extended to the creeping worm, she reluctantly afforded to an impenitent, proud, and hardened sinner.

“The flowers bloom around your garden, my good aunt; the sun shines ever on these walls; it is summer here when it is winter in every other place. I think God’s blessing is with you.” The abbess turned aside to conceal her tears; then rising, asked wherefore her privacy was intruded upon in so unaccustomed a manner. “I am come,” said Elinor, “to ask a favour at your hands, and if you deny me, at least add not unnecessary harshness to your refusal. I have a father’s curse on me, and it weighs me to the earth. When they tell you I am no more, say, will you pray for my soul? The God of Heaven dares not refuse the prayer of a saint like you.”

“This is strange language, Miss St.

Clare; but if indeed my prayers have the efficacy you think for, they shall be made now, even now that your heart may be turned from its wickedness to repentance."—"The favour I have to ask is of great moment: there will be a child left at your doors; and ere long it will crave your protection; for it is an orphan boy, and the hand that now protects it will soon be no more. Look not thus at me: it is not mine. The boy has noble blood in his veins; but he is the pledge of misfortune and crime."

The abbess raised herself to take a nearer view of the person with whom she was conversing. The plumed hat and dark flowing mantle, the emerald clasp and chain, had little attraction for one of her age and character; but the sunny ringlets which fell in profusion over a skin of alabaster, the soft smile of enchantment blended with the assumed fierceness of a military air, the deep expressive glance of passion and sensibi-

lity, the youthful air of boyish playfulness, and that blush which years of crime had not entirely banished, all, all awakened the affection of age; and, with more of warmth, more of interest than she had wished to shew to one so depraved, she pressed the unhappy wanderer to her heart. “What treacherous fiends have decoyed, and brought thee to this, my child? What dæmons have had the barbarous cruelty to impose upon one so young, so fair?”

“Alas! good aunt, there is not in the deep recesses of my inmost heart, a recollection of any whom I can with justice accuse but myself. That God who made me, must bear witness, that he implanted in my breast, even from the tenderest age, passions fiercer than I had power to curb. The wild tygress who roams amongst the mountains—the young lion who roars for its prey amidst its native woods—the fierce eagle who soars above all others, and cannot brook a rival in its flight, were tame and tractable

compared with me. Nature formed me fierce, and your authority was not strong enough to curb and conquer me. I was a darling and an only child. My words were idolized as they sprung warm from my heart; and my heart was worth some attachment, for it could love with passionate excess. In my happier days, I thought too highly of myself; and forgive me, Madam, if, fallen as I am, I still think the same. I cannot be humble. When they tell me I am base, I acknowledge it: pride leads me to confess what others dare not; but I think them more base who delight in telling me of my faults: and when I see around me hypocrisy and all the petty arts of fashionable vice, I too can blush for others, and smile in triumph at those who would trample on me. It is not before such things as these, such canting cowards, that I can feel disgrace; but before such as you are—so good, so pure, and yet so merciful, I stand at once confounded.”

“The God of Heaven pardon thee!” said the abbess. “You were once my delight and pride. I never could have suspected ill of you. I too was once unsuspecting,” said St. Clare. “My heart believed in nothing but innocence. I know the world better now. Were it their interest, would they thus deride me? When the mistress of Glenarvon, did they thus neglect, and turn from me? I was not profligate, abandoned, hardened, then! I was lovely, irresistible! My crime was excused. My open defiance was accounted the mere folly and wantonness of a child. I have a high spirit yet, which they shall not break. I am deserted, it is true; but my mind is a world in itself, which I have peopled with my own creatures. Take only from me a father’s curse, and to the last I will smile, even though my heart is breaking.”

“And are you unhappy,” said the abbess, kindly. “Can you ask it,

Madam? Amidst the scorn and hatred of hundreds, do I not appear the gayest of all? Who rides so fast over the down? Who dances more lightly at the ball? And if I cannot sleep upon my bed, need the world be told of it? The virtuous suffer, do they not? And what is this dream of life if it must cease so soon? We know not what we are: let us doubt all things—all but the curse of a father, which lies heavy on me. Oh take it from me to-night! Give me your blessing; and the time is coming when I shall need your prayers.”

“Can such a mind find delight in vice?” said the abbess, mildly gazing upon the kneeling girl. “Why do you turn your eyes to Heaven, admiring its greatness, and trembling at its power, if you yet suffer your heart to yield to the delusions of wickedness?” “Will such a venial fault as love be accounted infamous in Heaven?” “Guilty love is the

parent of every vice. Oh, what could mislead a mind like your's, my child?" "Madam, there are some born with a perversion of intellect, a depravity of feeling, nothing can cure. Can we straighten deformity, or change the rough features of ugliness into beauty?" "We may do much." "Nothing, good lady, nothing; though man would boast that it is possible. Let the ignorant teach the wise; let the sinner venture to instruct the saint; we cannot alter nature. We may learn to dissemble; but the stamp is imprest with life, and with life alone it is erased."

"God bless, forgive, and amend thee!" said the abbess. "The sun is set, the hour is late: thy words have moved, but do not convince me." "Rise, daughter, kneel not to me: there is one above, to whom alone that posture is due." As St. Clare rode from the convent, she placed a mark upon the wicket of the

little garden, and raising her voice, " Let him be accursed," she cried, " who takes from hence this badge of thy security: though rivers of blood shall gush around, not a hair of these holy and just saints shall be touched."

CHAPTER XCV.

THE preparations made this year by France, in conjunction with her allies, and the great events which took place in consequence of her enterprizes, belong solely to the province of the historian. It is sufficient to state, that the armament which had been fitted out on the part of the Batavian Republic, sailed at a later period of the same year, under the command of Admiral de Winter, with the intention of joining the French fleet at Brest, and proceeded from thence to Ireland, where the discontents and disaffection were daily increasing, and all seemed ripe for immediate insurrection.

Lord Glenarvon was at St. Alvin Priory, when he was summoned to take

the command of his frigate, and join Sir George Buchanan and Admiral Duncan at the Texel. Not a moment's time was to be lost: he had already exceeded the leave of absence he had obtained. The charms of a new mistress, the death of Calantha, the uncertain state of his affairs, and the jealous eye with which he regarded the measures taken by his uncle and cousin de Ruthven, had detained him till the last possible moment; but the command from Sir George was peremptory, and he was never tardy in obeying orders which led him from apathy and idleness to a life of glory.

Glenarvon prepared, therefore, to depart, as it seemed, without further delay, leaving a paper in the hands of one of his friends, commissioning him to announce at the next meeting at Inis Tara the change which had taken place in his opinions, and entire disapprobation of the lawless measures which had been recently adopted by the disaffected. He

took his name from out the directory ; and though he preserved a faithful silence respecting others, he acknowledged his own errors, and abjured the desperate cause in which he had once so zealously engaged.

The morning before he quitted Ireland, he sent for his cousin Charles de Ruthven, to whom he had already consigned the care of his castles and estates. “ If I live to return,” he said gaily, “ I shall mend my morals, grow marvellous virtuous, marry something better than myself, and live in all the innocent pleasures of connubial felicity. In which case, you will be what you are now, a keen expectant of what never can be your’s. If I die, in the natural course of events, all this will fall to your share. Take it now then into consideration : sell, buy, make whatever is for your advantage ; but as a draw-back upon the estate, gentle cousin, I bequeath also to your care two children — the one, my trusty Henchman, a love

gift, as you well know, who must be liberally provided for—the other, mark me Charles!—a strange tale rests upon that other: keep him carefully: there are enemies who watch for his life: befriend him, and shelter him, and, if reduced to extremities, give these papers to the duke. They will unfold all that I know; and no danger can accrue to you from the disclosure. I had cause for silence.”

It was in the month of August, when Lord Glenarvon prepared to depart from Belfont. The morning was dark and misty. A grey circle along the horizon shewed the range of dark dreary mountains; and far above the clouds one bright pink streak marked the top of Inis Tara, already lighted by the sun, which had not risen sufficiently to cast its rays upon aught beside this lofty landmark. Horsemen, and carriages, were seen driving over the moors; but the silent loneli-

ness of Castle Delaval continued undisturbed till a later hour.

It was there that Lady Margaret, who had returned from England, awaited with anxiety the promised visit of Glenarvon. Suddenly a servant entered, and informed her that a stranger, much disguised, waited to speak with her.---His name was Viviani.---He was shewn into Lady Margaret's apartment. A long and animated conversation passed. One shriek was heard. The stranger hurried from the castle. Lady Margaret's attendants found her cold, pale, and almost insensible. When she recovered. "Is he gone?" she said eagerly. "The stranger is gone," they replied. Lady Margaret continued deeply agitated; she wrote to Count Gondimer, who was absent; and she endeavoured to conceal from Mrs. Seymour and the duke the dreadful alarm of her mind. She appeared at the hour of dinner, and talked even as usual of the daily news.

“Lord Glenarvon sailed this morning,” said Mrs. Seymour. “I heard the same,” said Lady Margaret. “Young De Ruthven is, I understand——” “What?” said Lady Margaret, looking eagerly at her brother—“appointed to the care of Lord Glenarvon’s affairs. You know, I conclude, that he has taken his name out of the directory, and done every thing to atone for his former errors.” “Has he?” said Lady Margaret, faintly. “Poor Calantha,” said Mrs. Seymour, “on her death-bed spoke of him with kindness. He was not in fault,” she said. “She bade me even plead for him, when others censured him too severely.” “It is well that the dead bear record of his virtues,” said Lady Margaret. “He has the heart of....”

“Mr. Buchanan,” said a servant, entering abruptly, and, all in haste, Mr. Buchanan suddenly stood before his mother. There was no need of explanation. In one moment, Lady Margaret read in

the countenance of her son, that the dreadful menace of Viviani had been fulfilled; that his absence at this period was but too effectually explained; that all was known. Buchanan, that cold relentless son, who never yet had shewn or affection, or feeling—whose indifference had seldom yielded to any stronger emotion than that of vanity, now stood before her, as calm as ever, in outward show; but the horror of his look, when he turned it upon her, convinced her that he had heard the dreadful truth. Mrs. Seymour and the duke perceiving that something important had occurred, retired.

Lady Margaret and her son were, therefore, left to themselves. A moment's pause ensued. Lady Margaret first endeavoured to break it: "I have not seen you," she said at length, affecting calmness, "since a most melancholy scene—I mean the death of Calantha."

"True," he cried, fixing her with

wild horror ; “ and I have not seen you since..... Do you know Viviani ? ” — “ Remember,” said Lady Margaret, rising in agitation, “ that I am your mother, Buchanan ; and this strange manner agitates, alarms, terrifies me.” “ And me,” he replied. “ Is it true,” at length he cried, seizing both her hands with violence — “ Say, is it true ? ” “ False as the villain who framed it,” said Lady Margaret. “ Kneel down there, wretched woman, and swear that it is false,” said Buchanan ; “ and remember that it is before your only son that you forswear yourself—before your God, that you deny the dreadful fact.”

Lady Margaret knelt with calm dignity, and upraising her eyes as if to heaven, prepared to take the terrible oath Buchanan had required. “ Pause,” he cried : “ I know it is true, and you shall not perjure yourself for me.” “ The story is invented for my ruin,” said Lady Margaret, eagerly. “ Believe your mo-

ther, oh, Buchanan, and not the monster who would delude you. I can prove his words false. Will you only allow me time to do so? Who is this Viviani? Will you believe a wretch who dares not appear before me? Send for him: let him be confronted with me instantly: I fear not Viviani. To connect murder with the name of a parent is terrible—to see an executioner in an only son is worse.” “There are fearful witnesses against you.” “I dare oppose them all.” “Oh, my mother, beware.” “Hear me, Buchanan. Leave me not. It is a mother kneels before you. Whatever my crime before God, do you have compassion. I am innocent—Viviani is....” “Is what?” “Is false. I am innocent. Look at me, my son. Oh, leave me not thus. See, see if there is murder in this countenance. Oh, hear me, my boy, my William. It is the voice of a mother calls to you, as from the grave.”

Buchanan was inexorable. He left her.---He fled.—She followed, clinging to him, to the door.—She held his hand to her bosom : she clasped it in agony. He fled : and she fell senseless before him. Still he paused not ; but rushing from her presence, sought Viviani, who had promised to meet him in the forest. To his infinite surprise, in his place he met Glenarvon. “ The Italian will not venture here,” said the latter ; “ but I know all. Has she confessed ? ” “ She denies every syllable of the accusation,” said Buchanan ; “ and in a manner so firm, so convincing, that it has made me doubt. If what he has written is false, this monster, this Viviani, shall deeply answer for it. I must have proof---instant, positive proof. Who is this Viviani ? Wherefore did he seek me by mysterious letters and messages, if he dares not meet me face to face ? I will have proof.” “ It will be difficult to obtain positive proof,” said Glenarvon.

“La Crusca, who alone knows, besides myself and Viviani, this horrid secret is under the protection of my cousin de Ruthven. How far he is acquainted with the murder I know not; but he fears me, and he dares not openly oppose me. Lady Margaret has proved her innocence to him likewise,” he continued smiling bitterly; “but there is yet one other witness.” — “Who, where?” “The boy himself.” “Perhaps this is all a plot to ruin my wretched mother,” said Buchanan. “I shall have it brought to light.” “And your mother publicly exposed?” “If she is guilty, let her be brought to shame.” “And yourself to ruin,” said Glenarvon. “To ruin unutterable.”

They arrived at Belfont, whilst thus conversing. The evening was dark. They had taken a room at the inn. Glenarvon enquired of some around him, if Colonel St. Alvin were at the abbey. He was informed that he was

at Colwood Bay. "Ask them now," said Glenarvon in a whisper, "concerning me." Buchanan did so, and heard that Lord Glenarvon had taken ship for England that morning, had abandoned his followers, and received a bribe for his treachery from the English court. The people spoke of him with much execration. Glenarvon smiling at their warmth: "This was your idol yesterday: to-morrow," he continued, "I will give you another." As soon as Buchanan had retired to his room, as he said, to repose himself, for he had not closed his eyes since he had left England, his companion, wrapping himself within his cloak, stole out unperceived from the inn, and walked to St. Alvin Priory.

CHAPTER XCVI.

SHORTLY after Buchanan's departure, Lady Margaret had recovered from her indisposition. She was tranquil, and had retired early to rest. The next morning she was in her brother's apartment, when a servant entered with a letter. "There is a gentleman below who wishes to speak with your grace." "What is his name?" "I know not, my lord; he would not inform me." The duke opened the letter. It was from M. De Ruthven, who entreated permission to have a few moments conversation with the duke, as a secret of the utmost importance had been communicated to him that night: but it was of the most serious consequence that Lady Margaret Buchanan should be kept in ignorance

of the appeal. The name was written in large characters, as if to place particular emphasis upon it ; and as unfortunately she was in her brother's apartment at the moment the letter was delivered, it was extremely difficult for him to conceal from her its contents, or the agitation so singular and mysterious a communication had caused him.

Lady Margaret's penetrating eye observed in a moment that something unusual had occurred ; but whilst yet commanding herself, that she might not shew her suspicions to her brother, Mac Allain entered, and giving the duke a small packet, whispered to him that the gentleman could not wait, but begged his grace would peruse those papers, and he would call again. " Sister," said the duke, rising, " you will excuse. Good God ! what do I see ? What is the matter ? " Lady Margaret had arisen from her seat :—the hue of death had overspread her lips and cheeks :—yet calm in the midst

of the most agonizing suspense, she gave no other sign of the terror under which she laboured. Kindly approaching, he took her hand.

“That packet of letters is for me,” she said in a firm low voice. “The superscription bears my name,” said the duke, hesitating. “Yet if—if by any mistake—any negligence---”---“There is no mistake, my lord,” said the servant advancing. “Leave us,” cried Lady Margaret, with a voice that resounded throughout the apartment; and then again faltering, and fainting at the effort, she continued: “Those letters are mine: ---my enemy and your’s has betrayed them:---Viviani may exhibit the weakness and folly of a woman’s heart to gratify his revenge; but a generous brother should disdain to make himself the instrument of his barbarous, his unmanly cruelty.” “Take them,” said the duke, with gentleness: “I would not read them for the world’s worth.

That heart is noble and generous, whatever its errors; and no letters could ever make me think ill of my sister."

Lady Margaret trembled exceedingly. "They wish to ruin me," she cried--"to tear me from your affection--to make you think me black---to accuse me, not of weakness, brother, but of crimes."---"Were they to bring such evidences, that the very eye itself could see their testimony, I would disbelieve my senses, before I could mistrust you. Look then calm and happy, my sister. We have all of us faults; the best of us is no miracle of worth; and the gallantries of one, as fair, as young, as early exposed to temptation as you were, deserve no such severity. Come, take the detested packet, and throw it into the flames."---"It is of no gallantry that I am accused; no weakness, Altamonte; it is of murder!" The duke started. "Aye, brother, of the murder of an infant." He smiled. "Smile too, when I say further---of the

murder of your child.”—“Of Calantha!” he cried in agitation. “Of an infant, I tell you ; of the heir of Delaval.”

“Great God ! have I lived to hear that wretches exist, barbarous, atrocious enough, thus to accuse you ? Name them, that my arm may avenge you—name them, dearest Margaret ; and, by heavens, I will stand your defender, and at once silence them.” “Oh, more than this : they have produced an impostor—a child, brother—an Italian boy, whose likeness to your family I have often marked.” “Zerbellini ?” “The same.” “Poor contrivance to vent their rage and malice ! But did I not ever tell you, my dearest Margaret, that Gondimar, and that mysterious Viviani, whom you protected, bore an ill character. They were men unknown, without family, without principle, or honour.” “Brother,” said Lady Margaret, “give me your hand : swear to me that you know

and love me enough to discredit at once the whole of this: swear to me, Altamonte, that without proving their falsehood, you despise the wretches who have resolved to ruin your sister."

The duke now took a solemn oath, laying his hand upon her's, that he never could, never would harbour one thought of such a nature. He even smiled at its absurdity; and he refused to see either the stranger, or to read the packet—when Lady Margaret, falling back in a hollow and hysteric laugh, bade him tear from his heart the fond, the doating simplicity that beguiled him:—"They utter that which is true," she cried. "I am that which they have said." She then rushed from the room.

The duke, amazed, uncertain what to believe or doubt, opened the packet of letters, and read as follows:—

"My gracious and much injured patron, Lord Glenarvon's departure,

whilst it leaves me again unprotected, leaves me also at liberty to act as I think right. Supported by the kindness of Colonel de Ruthven, I am emboldened now to ask an immediate audience with the Duke of Altamonte. Circumstances preclude my venturing to the castle:—the enemy of my life is in wait for me---The Count Viviani and his agents watch for me by night and by day. Lady Margaret Buchanan, with Lord Glenarvon's assistance, has rescued the young Marquis of Delaval from his perfidious hands; but we have been long obliged to keep him a close prisoner at Belfont Abbey, in order to preserve him from his persecutors. My Lord Glenarvon sailed yesternoon, and commended myself and the marquis to the colonel's care. We were removed last night from St. Alvin's to Colwood Bay, where we await in anxious hope of being admitted into the Duke of Altamonte's presence.

This is written by the most guilty and miserable servant of the Duke of Altamonte.

“ANDREW MACPHERSON.”

“Thanks be to God,” cried the duke, “my sister is innocent; and the meaning of this will be soon explained.” The remainder of the packet consisted of letters---many of them in the hand-writing of Lady Margaret, many in that of Glenarvon: some were dated Naples, and consisted of violent professions of love: the letters of a later date contained for the most part asseverations of innocence, and entreaties for secrecy and silence: and though worded with caution, continually alluded to some youthful boy, and to injuries and cruelties with which the duke was entirely unacquainted. In addition to these extraordinary papers, there were many of a treasonable nature, signed by the most considerable landholders and tenantry in the country.

But that which most of all excited the duke's curiosity, was a paper addressed to himself in Italian, imploring him, as he valued the prosperity of his family, and every future hope, not to attend to the words of Macpherson, who was in the pay of Lord Glenarvon, and acting under his commands; but to hasten to St. Alvin's Priory, when a tale of horror should be disclosed to his wondering ears, and a treasure of inconceivable value be replaced in his hands.

CHAPTER XCVII.

So many strange asseverations, and so many inconsistencies, could only excite doubt, astonishment, and suspicion; when Lady Margaret, re-entering the apartment, asked her brother in a voice of excessive agitation, whether he would go with Colonel de Ruthven, who had called for him? And without leaving him time to answer, implored that he would not. “Your earnestness to dissuade me is somewhat precipitate---your looks---your agitation....” “Oh, Altamonte, the time is past for concealment, go not to your enemies to hear a tale of falsehood and horror. I, whom you have loved, sheltered, and protected, I, your own, your only sister, have told it you---will tell it you further; but before I make

my brother loathe me---oh, God! before I open my heart's black secrets to your eyes, give me your hand. Let me look at you once more. Can I have strength to endure it? Yes, sooner than suffer these vile slanderers to triumph, what dare I not endure!

“I am about to unfold a dreadful mystery, which may no longer be concealed. I come to accuse myself of the blackest of crimes.” “This is no time for explanation,” said the duke. “Yet hear me; for I require, I expect no mercy at your hands. You have been to me the best of brothers---the kindest of friends. Learn by the confession I am now going to make, in what manner I have requited you.” Lady Margaret rose from her chair at these words, and shewed strong signs of the deep agitation of mind under which she laboured. Endeavouring not to meet the eyes of the duke, “You received me,” she continued, in a hurried manner, “when my character was lost

and I appeared but as a foul blot to sully the innocence and purity of one who ever considered me and treated me as a sister. My son, for whom I sacrificed every natural feeling---my son you received as your child, and bade me look upon as your heir. Tremble as I communicate the rest.

“An unwelcome stranger appeared in a little time to supplant him. Ambition and envy, moving me to the dreadful deed, I thought by one blow to crush his hopes, and to place my own beyond the power of fortune.” “Oh, Margaret! pause---do not, do not continue---I was not prepared for this. Give me a moments time---I cannot bear it now.” Lady Margaret, unmoved, continued. “To die is the fate of all; and I would to God that some ruffian hand had extinguished my existence at the same tender age. But think not, Altamonte, that these hands are soiled with your

infant's blood. I only wished the deed—I durst not do it.

“I will not dwell upon a horrid scene which you remember full well. There is but one on earth capable of executing such a crime: he loved your sister; and to possess this heart, he destroyed your child.—How he destroyed him I know not. We saw the boy, cold, even in death—we wept over him: and now, upon plea of some petty vengeance, because I will not permit him to draw me further into his base purposes, he is resolved to make this scene of blood and iniquity public to the world. He has already betrayed me to a relentless son; and he now means to bring forward an impostor in the place of your murdered infant!”—“Who will do this?”—“Viviani; Viviani himself will produce him before your eyes.” “Would to God that he might do so!” cried the duke, gazing with pity and horror on the fine

but fallen creature who stood before him.

“I have not that strength,” he continued, “you, of all living mortals, seem alone to possess.—My thoughts are disturbed.—I know not what to think, or how to act. You overwhelm me at once; and your very presence takes from me all power of reflection. Leave me, therefore.” “Never, till I have your promise. I fear you: I know by your look, that you are resolved to see my enemy—to hear.” “Margaret, I will hear you to-morrow.” “No to-morrow shall ever see us two again together.” “In an hour I will speak with you again—one word.”—As he said this, the duke arose: and seizing her fiercely by the arm: “Answer but this—do you believe the boy this Viviani will produce?—do you think it possible?—answer me, Margaret, and I will pardon all—do you think the boy is my long lost child?” “Have no such hope; he is dead. Did

we not ourselves behold him? Did we not look upon his cold and lifeless corpse?" "Too true, my sister." "Then fear not: Buchanan shall not be defrauded." "It is not for Buchanan that I speak: he is lost to me: I have no son." "But I would not have you fall a prey to the miserable arts of this wretch. Beware of Viviani—remember that still I am your sister: and now, for the last time, I warn you, go not to Colwood Bay; for if you do...." "What then?" "You seal your sister's death." As she uttered these words, Lady Margaret looked upon the duke in agony, and retired.

CHAPTER XCVIII.

THE duke continued many moments on the spot where she had left him, without lifting his eyes from the ground—without moving, or speaking, or giving the smallest sign of the deep feelings by which he was overpowered; when suddenly Lord Glenarvon was announced.

The duke started back:---he would have denied him his presence. It was too late:---Glenarvon was already in the room. The cold dews stood upon his forehead; his eye was fixed; his air was wild. “I am come to restore your son,” he said, addressing the duke. “Are you prepared for my visit? Has Lady Margaret obeyed my command, and confessed?” “I thought,” said the duke, “that you had left Ireland. For your

presence at this moment, my lord, I was not prepared.” “Whom does Lady Margaret accuse?” said Lord Glenarvon tremulously. “One whom I know not,” said the duke—“Viviani.” Glenarvon’s countenance changed, as with a look of exultation and malice he repeated:—“Yes, it is Viviani.” He then briefly stated that Count Gondimar, having accompanied Lady Margaret from Italy to Ireland in the year———had concealed under a variety of disguises a young Italian, by name Viviani. To him the charge of murdering the heir of Delaval was assigned; but he disdained an act so horrible and base. La Crusca, a wretch trained in Viviani’s service, could answer for himself as to the means he took to deceive the family. Lord Glenarvon knew nothing of his proceedings: he alone knew, he said, that the real Marquis of Delaval was taken to Italy, whence Gondimar, by order of Viviani some years afterwards, brought him to England, pre-

senting him to Lady Avondale as her page.

In corroboration of these facts, he was ready to appeal to Gondimar, and some others, who knew of the transaction. Gondimar, however, Lord Glenarvon acknowledged, was but a partial witness, having been kept in ignorance as to the material part of this affair, and having been informed by Lady Margaret that Zerbellini, the page, was in reality her son. It was upon this account that, in the spring of the year, suddenly mistrusting Viviani, Lady Margaret entreated Count Gondimar to take the boy back with him to Italy; and not being able to succeed in her stratagems, on account of himself (Glenarvon) being watchful of her, she had basely worked upon the child's feelings, making him suppose he was serving Calantha by hiding her necklace from his (Lord Glenarvon's) pursuit. On which false accusation of

theft, they had got the boy sent from the castle.

Lord Glenarvon then briefly stated, that he had rescued him from Gondimar's hands, with the assistance of a servant named Macpherson, and some of his followers ; and that ever since he had kept him concealed at the priory. " And where is he at this time ? " said the duke. — " He was with Lord Glenarvon's cousin, Colonel de Ruthven, at Colwood Bay. " — " And when could the duke speak with Viviani ? " — " When it was his pleasure. " — " That night ? " — " Yes, even on that very night. " — " What witness could Lord Glenarvon bring, as to the truth of this account, besides Viviani ? " — " La Crusca, an Italian, from whom Macpherson had received the child when in Italy — La Crusca the guilty instrument of Viviani's crimes. " — " And where was La Crusca ? " — " Madness had fallen on him after the child had been taken from him

by Viviani's orders : he had returned in company with Macpherson to Ireland. Lord Glenarvon had offered him an asylum at his castle. Lady Margaret one day had beheld him ; and Gondimar had even fainted upon seeing him suddenly, having repeatedly been assured that he was dead."—"By whom was he informed that he was dead ?"—"By Lady Margaret and Viviani."—"Was Gondimar then aware of this secret ?"—"No ; but of other secrets, in which La Crusca and Viviani were concerned, equally horrible perhaps, but not material now to name."

This conversation having ended, the duke ordered his carriage, and prepared to drive to Colwood Bay. Lord Glenarvon promised in a few hours to meet him there, and bring with him Viviani. "If he restore my child, and confesses every thing," said the duke, before he left Lord Glenarvon, "pray inform him, that I will promise him a pardon." "He values not such promise," said Glen-

arvon scornfully. "Lady Margaret's life and honour are in his power. Viviani can confer favours, but not receive them." The duke started, and looked full in the face of Glenarvon. "Who is this Viviani?" he said, in a tone of voice loud and terrible. "An idol," replied Glenarvon, "whom the multitude have set up for themselves, and worshipped, forsaking their true faith, to follow after a false light—a man who is in love with crime and baseness—one, of whom it has been said, that he hath an imagination of fire playing around a heart of ice—one whom the never-dying worm feeds on by night and day—a hypocrite," continued Glenarvon, with a smile of bitterness, "who wears a mask to his friends, and defeats his enemies by his unexpected sincerity—a coward, with more of bravery than some who fear nothing; for, even in his utmost terror, he defies that which he fears." "And where is this wretch?" said the

duke: "what dungeon is black enough to hold him? What rack has been prepared to punish him for his crimes?"

"He is as I have said," replied Glenarvon triumphantly, "the idol of the fair, and the great. Is it virtue that women prize? Is it honour and renown they worship? Throw but the dazzling light of genius upon baseness, and corruption, and every crime will be to them but an additional charm."

"Glenarvon," said the duke gravely, "you have done me much wrong; but I mean not now to reproach you. If the story which you have told me is true, I must still remember that I owe my son's safety to you. Spare Lady Margaret; keep the promise you have solemnly given me; and at the hour you have mentioned, meet me with the Italian and this boy at Colwood Bay."

Glenarvon left the presence of the duke immediately, bowing in token of assent. The Duke then rang the bell, and or-

dered his carriage. It was about four in the afternoon when he left the castle: he sent a message to Lady Margaret and Mrs. Seymour, to say that he had ordered dinner to await his return at seven.

CHAPTER XCIX.

No sooner had the duke, accompanied by Macpherson, who waited for him, left the castle, than Mrs. Seymour sought Lady Margaret in her apartment. The door was fastened from within:---it was in vain she endeavoured by repeated calls to obtain an answer.---a strange fear occurred to her mind.---There were rumours abroad, of which she was not wholly ignorant. Was it credible that a sudden paroxysm of despair had led her to the last desperate measure of frantic woe? The God of mercy forbid! Still she felt greatly alarmed. The duke returned not, as he had promised: the silence of the castle was mournful; and terror seemed to have spread itself amongst all the inhabitants. Mac Allain

entered repeatedly, asking Mrs. Seymour if the duke were not to have returned at the hour of dinner; and whether it was true that he was gone out alone. Eight, nine, and ten sounded; but he came not.

Mac Allain was yet speaking, when shrieks, long and repeated, were heard. The doors burst open; servants affrighted entered; confusion and terror were apparent in all. "They are come, they are come!" exclaimed one. "We are going to be murdered. The rebels have broken into the park and gardens: we hear their cry. Oh, save us—save us from their fury! See, see, through the casement you may behold them: with their pikes and their bayonets, they are destroying every thing they approach." Mac Allain threw up the sash of the window: the servants crowded towards it. The men had seized whatever arms they could find: the women wept aloud. By the light of the moon, crowds were

seen advancing through the wood and park, giving the alarm by one loud and terrific yell. They repeated one word more frequently than any other. As they approached, it was plainly distinguished:—murder! murder! was the cry; and the inhabitants of the castle heard it as a summons to instant death. The Count Viviani's name and Lady Margaret's were then wildly repeated. The doors were in vain barricadoed and defended from within. The outer courts were so tumultuously crowded, that it became dangerous to pass. Loud cries for the duke to appear were heard.

A rumour that the heir of Delaval was alive had been circulated—that blood had been spilt. “Let us see our young lord, long life to him!” was shouted in transports of ecstasy by the crowd; whilst yells of execration mingled against his persecutor and oppressor. “Return: shew yourself to your own people: no ruffian hand shall dare to harm you.

Long life to our prince, and our king!"— Suddenly a bugle horn from a distance sounded. Three times it sounded; and the silence became as general as the tumult previously had been. In the space of a few moments, the whole of the crowd dispersed; and the castle was again left to loneliness and terror.

The inhabitants scarcely ventured to draw their breath. The melancholy howling of the watch-dogs alone was heard. Mrs. Seymour, who had shewn a calm fortitude in the hour of danger, now sickened with despondency. "Some direful calamity has fallen upon this house. The hand of God is heavy upon us." She prayed to that Being who alone can give support: and calm and resigned, she awaited the event. It was past three, and no news of the Duke. She then summoned Mac Allain, and proposing to him that he should arm himself and some others, she sent them forth in quest of their master. They

went; and till their return, she remained in dreadful suspense. Lady Margaret's door being still locked, she had it forced; but no one was there. It appeared she had gone out alone, possibly in quest of her brother.

CHAPTER C.

WHEN the duke arrived at Colwood Bay, he found Colonel de Ruthven prepared to receive him; but was surprised and alarmed at hearing that Lord Glenarvon had that very morning sent for Zerbellini, and neither himself nor the boy had been seen since. The duke then informed the colonel that Lord Glenarvon had been at the castle about an hour since; but this only made the circumstance of his having taken away the child more extraordinary. It was also singular that Lord Glenarvon had paid for his passage the night before, and had taken leave of his friends, as if at that moment preparing to sail: his presence at the castle was, however, a full answer to the latter report: and whilst every

enquiry was set on foot to trace whither he could be gone, the duke requested permission of the colonel himself to examine the maniac La Crusca and Macpherson: the former was still at St. Alvin Priory—the latter immediately obeyed the summons, and prepared to answer every question that was put to him.

The duke first enquired of this man his name, and the principal events of his life. Macpherson, in answer to these interrogations, affirmed, that he was a native of Ireland; that he had been taken a boy into the service of the late Countess of Glenarvon, and had been one of the few who had followed her into Italy; that after this he had accompanied her son, the young earl, through many changes of life and fortune; but having been suddenly dismissed from his service, he had lost sight of him for above a year; during which time he had taken into his pay a desperado, named La

Crusca, who had continued with him whilst he resided at Florence.

After this, Macpherson hesitated, evaded, and appeared confused; but suddenly recollecting himself: "I then became acquainted," he said, "with the Count Viviani, a young Venetian, who took me immediately into his service, and who, residing for the most part in the palace belonging to Lady Margaret at Naples, passed his time in every excess of dissipation and amusement which that town afforded. In the spring of the year, the count accompanied Lady Margaret secretly to Ireland, and, after much conversation with me, and many remonstrances on my part, gave me a positive command to carry off the infant Marquis of Delaval, but to spare his life. He menaced me with employing La Crusca in a more bloody work, if I hesitated; and, having offered an immense bribe, interest, affection for himself, and fear,

induced me to obey. My daughter," continued Macpherson, "was in the power of the count:—she had listened too readily to his suit. 'I will expose her to the world—I will send her forth unprovided,' he said, 'if you betray me, or refuse to obey.'"

"No excuses," cried the duke, fiercely: "proceed. It is sufficient you willed the crime. Now tell me how amongst you you achieved it." "I must be circumstantial in my narrative," said Macpherson; "and since your grace has the condescension to hear me, you must hear all with patience; and first, the Count Viviani did not slay the Lord of Delaval: he did not employ me in that horrid act. I think no bribe or menace could have engaged me to perform it: but a strange, a wild idea, occurred to him as he passed with me through Wales, in our journey hither; and months and months succeeded, before it was in my power to execute his com-

mands. He sent me on a fruitless search, to discover an infant who in any degree might resemble the little marquis. Having given up the pursuit as impossible, I returned to inform the count of the failure of his project. A double reward was proffered, and I set forth again, scarce knowing the extent of his wishes, scarce daring to think upon the crime I was about to commit.

“ It is useless to detail my adventures, but they are true. I can bring many undoubted witnesses of their truth : and there yet lives an unhappy mother, a lonely widow, to recount them. It was one accursed night, when the dæmons of hell thought fit to assist their agent—after having travelled far, I stopt at an inn by the road-side, in the village of Maryvale, in the County of Tyrone. I called for a horse ; my own was worn out with fatigue: I alighted, and drank deep of the spirits that were brought me, for they drove away all disturbing thoughts :

—but, as I lifted the cup a second time to my lips, my eyes fixed themselves upon a child ; and I trembled with agitation, for I saw my prey before me. The woman of the house spoke but little English ; but she approached me, and expressed her fear that I was not well. Sensible that my emotion had betrayed me, I affected to be in pain, offered her money, and abruptly took leave. There was a wood not far from the town.

“ On a subsequent evening I allured her to it: the baby was at her breast. I asked her its name.---‘ Billy Kendal,’ she answered, “ for the love of its father who fights now for us at a distance.’ ‘ I will be its father,’ I said. But she chid me from her, and was angrily about to leave me: striking her to the earth, I seized the child. The age, the size---every thing corresponded. I had bartered my soul for gold, and difficulties and failures had not shaken me. I had made every necessary preparation ; and

all being ready and secure, I fled; nor stopped, nor staid, nor spoke to man, nor shewed myself in village or in town, till I arrived at my journey's end."

I arrived in the neighbourhood of Castle Delaval, and continued to see my master, without being recognized by any other. He appeared much agitated when he first beheld me. I cannot forget his smile. He desired me to keep the boy with me out at sea that night; and directing me to climb from the wherry up the steep path of the western cliff (where but yesterday I stood when the colonel sent for me), he promised to place food, and all that was requisite for us, near the chapel. 'But trust no one with your secret,' he said: 'let not the eye of man glance upon you. Meet me in the night, in the forest near the moor, and bring the child. Mind that *you* do not utter one word, and let *it* not have the power of disturbing us. Do you understand me?'

‘Yes,’ I said, and shuddered because I did so. My master saw me shrink, and reminded me of the reward. I undertook punctually to fulfil every injunction: it was now too late to repent. But, oh, my lord! when I think of that night, that accursed night, what horror comes over me!

“It was past twelve o’clock when I took the boy up from a sweet sleep, and fastening the wherry near the foot of the rock, with one hand I climbed the steep ascent, while with the other I carefully held the child. In one part the cliff is almost perpendicular: my foot slipped, and I was in danger of falling; but I recovered myself with much exertion. There was no moon; and the wind whistled loud and shrilly through the churchyard. It is, I believe, two miles from thence to the castle; but through the thick wood I now and then caught a glimpse of its lighted portico; and, remembering its former gaiety, ‘you re-

‘ joice to-night,’ I thought, ‘ with music
‘ and dancing, regardless of my sorrows,
‘ or the hardships of others, even more
‘ wretched than I: but to-morrow, the
‘ black foot of care shall tread heavy even
‘ upon you.’

“ The wind rustled among the trees. This was the spot in which I was to meet my employer. I heard a step ; it approached ; and I pressed the child nearer to my bosom. ‘ Some mother is weeping for you surely, little boy,’ I said ; ‘ and would give all she is worth to see that pretty face again. She little dreams of your hard fate, or into what rough hands her treasure has fallen ; but I will not harm thee, boy. Hard must be the heart that could.’ Such were my thoughts : God be witness, such were my intentions at that moment. I now saw La Crusca ; and well I knew by the villain’s countenance his horrible intentions : the lantern he carried glimmered

through the trees ; his eyes glared as in a low voice he enquired for the boy : and, as he was still concealed from him under my cloak, he seized me by the arm, and asked me why I trembled. He urged me instantly to deliver the child to him ; but finding that I hesitated, he rudely grasped him ; and the boy waking suddenly, cried aloud. ‘ Did not our master tell you to prevent this ? ’ said the Italian, enraged, as, bidding the child be at peace, he abruptly fled with it. I heard not long after one piteous shriek, and then all was silent.

“ I returned to the boat. All there looked desolate. The little companion who had cheered the lonely hours was no more. The mantle remained. I threw myself upon it. Suddenly, upon the waves I thought I saw the figure of the child. I heard its last cry. I ever hear that piteous cry. The night was dark : the winds blew chilly over the vast wa-

ter : my own name was pronounced in a low voice from the cliff.

“ It was my lord who spoke,—my master—the Count Viviani. He had returned to give me further instructions. I ascended the fearful steep, and listened in silence ; but, before he left me, I ventured to ask after the boy, ‘ Leave him to me,’ said the count, in an angry tone. ‘ He is safe : he shall sleep well to-night.’ Saying this, he laughed ‘ O ! can you jest ?’ I said. ‘ Aye, that I can. This is the season of jesting,’ he answered ; ‘ for, mark my words, Macpherson, we have done a deed shall mar our future merriment, and stifle the heart’s laugh for ever. Such deeds as these bleach the hair white before its time, give fearful tremblings to the limbs, and make man turn from the voice of comfort on the bed of death. We have sent a cherub thither,’ continued the count, pointing up to heaven, ‘ to

stand a fearful testimony against us, and exclude us for ever from its courts.'

"Saying which, he bade me hasten to some distant country. He entrusted the Lord of Delaval to my care, repeated his instructions, and for the second time that night departed. The morning sun, when it rose, all glorious, and lighted the eastern sky with its beams, found me still motionless upon the cliff. My eye involuntarily fixed upon the great land-mark, the mountains which extend behind yon beautiful valley; but, starting at the thought of the crime I had committed, I turned for ever from them. I thought never again to behold a prospect so little in unison with my feelings. It is many years since I have seen it; but now I can gaze on nothing else. My eyes are dim with looking upon the scene, and with it upon the memory of the past."

Macpherson paused:—He turned to see what impression his narrative had made on the duke: he was utterly

silent.—Macpherson therefore continued :
“ So far we had succeeded but too well in our black attempt ; but the fair boy intrusted to me sickened under the hardships to which I was obliged to expose him. The price agreed on was paid me. La Crusca joined me ; and together we reared the child in a foreign country, so as I hope to do him honour. But a dark malady at times had fallen upon La Crusca. He would see visions of horror ; and the sight of a mother and a child threw him into frenzy, till it became necessary to confine him. I had not heard for some time from my master. I wished to bring my young charge back to his own country, before I died. I wrote ; but no one answered my letters. I applied to the Count Gondimar ; but he refused to hear me.

“ In the dead of night, however, even when I slept, the child was torn from me. I was at Florence, when some villain seized the boy. I had assumed

another name : I lived apparently in happiness and affluence. I think it was the Count Gondimar who rifled my treasure. But he denied it.

“ Accompanied by La Crusca, I returned first to England and then to Ireland. I sought Count Gondimar ; but he evaded my enquiries ; and having taken the child from me, insisted upon my silence, and dispatched me to Ireland with letters for the Lord Glenarvon, who immediately recognized and received me.” “ Where ?” cried the duke. Macpherson hesitated.--- “ At the priory, where he then resided, and where he remained concealed : La Crusca was likewise permitted to dwell there ; but of this story my lord was ignorant till now.” “ That is false,” said the duke. “ One morning La Crusca beheld Lady Margaret even as in a vision, on that spot to which I every day returned ; but he had not power to speak. Madness, phrenzy had fallen on him. Lord Glenarvon protected him. His

house was also my only refuge. He gathered from me much of the truth of what I have related, but I never told him all. I durst not speak till now. He was deeply moved with the wrongs of the injured boy; he vowed to revenge them; but he has forgotten his promise; he has left us, he has forsaken us. I am now in the service of another: this gentleman will befriend me; and the Duke of Altamonte will not turn from the voice of his miserable servant."

"Where?" said the duke starting, "where did you say Viviani, that damned Italian, had once concealed the child? He is there now perhaps! there, there let us seek him."—"In the chapel," said Macpherson hesitating, "there is a vault, of which he retains the key; and there is a chamber in the ruined turret, where I have ofttimes passed the night." "Let us hasten there this instant," said the duke.---"What hour is it?" "Nine." "Oh! that it may not be too late! that he

may not already have taken advantage of the darkness of evening to escape!" Saying this, the duke and Colonel de Ruthven having previously given orders to the servants to watch Macpherson carefully, drove with all possible haste to the chapel, near the Abbey of Belfont. But still they hoped that Viviani was their friend--- He could have no motive in concealing the child: his only wish was probably to restore him, and by this means make terms for himself. With such thoughts they proceeded to the appointed spot. And it is there that for some moments we must leave them. The duke was convinced in his own mind who his real and sole enemy was; he was also firmly resolved not to let him escape.

CHAPTER CI.

VIVIANI had long and repeatedly menaced Lady Margaret with vengeance. In every moment of resentment, on every new interview, at every parting scene, revenge, immediate and desperate, was the cry ; but it had been so often repeated, and so often had proved a harmless threat, that it had at length lost all effect upon her. She considered him as a depraved and weak character---base enough to attempt the worst ; but too cowardly to carry his project into effect. She knew him not. That strong, that maddening passion which had taken such deep root in his soul, still at times continued to plead for her ; and whilst hope, however fallacious, could be cherished by him, he would not at once crush her beyond

recovery. A lesser vengeance had not gratified the rage of his bosom ; and the certainty that the menaced blow when it fell would overwhelm them both in one fate, gave him malignant consolation.

Her renewed intercourse with Lord Dartford, he had endured. Lord Dartford had prior claims to himself ; and though it tortured him to see them in each other's society, he still forbore : but when he saw that he was the mere object of her hate, of her ridicule, of her contempt, his fury was beyond all controul. He wrote to her, he menaced her ; he left her, he returned ; but he felt his own little importance in the unprovoked calm with which she at all times received him : and maddening beyond endurance, " This is the moment," he cried : " now, now I have strength to execute my threats, and nothing shall change me."

It was in London that Count Viviani, having left Lady Margaret in anger, ad-

dressed Buchanan by letter. "Leave your steeds, and your gaming tables, and your libertine associates," he said. "Senseless and heartless man, awake at last. Oh! you who have never felt, whose pulse has never risen with the burning fires of passion, whose life, unvaried and even, has ever flowed the same---awake now to the bitterness of horror, and learn that you are in my power." Buchanan heard the tale with incredulity; but when obliged to credit it, he felt with all the poignancy of real misery. The scene that took place between himself and his mother had left him yet one doubt: upon that doubt he rested. It was her solemn asseveration of innocence. But the heart that is utterly corrupted fears not to perjure itself; and he continued in suspense; for he believed her guilty.

Such was the state of things, when Viviani, having by fraud again possessed himself of Zerbellini, sought Lady Mar-

garet, and found her a few moments after the duke had left the castle. He well knew whither he was gone ; he well knew also, that it was now too late to recall the vengeance he had decreed ; yet one hope for Lady Margaret and himself remained :—would she fly with him upon that hour. *All* was prepared for flight in case he needed it ; and with her, what perils would he not encounter. He entered the castle, much disguised : he made her the proposal ; but she received it with disdain. One thing alone she wished to know ; and that she solemnly enjoined him to confess to her : was Zerbellini the real heir of Delaval ? ---was she guiltless of the murder of her brother's child ? “ You shall see him, speak with him,” said Viviani, “ if you will follow me as soon as the night is dark. I will conduct you to him, and your own eyes and ears shall be convinced.”

So saying, he left her to all the horrors

of her own black imagination ; but, returning at the time appointed, he led her to the wood, telling her that the boy was concealed in an apartment of the turret, close to the chapel. Suddenly pausing, as he followed the path :---
“ This is the very tree,” he cried, turning round, and looking upon her fiercely ;
“ yes, this is the spot upon which La Crusca shed the blood of an innocent for you.” “ Then the boy was really and inhumanly murdered,” said Lady Margaret, pale with horror at the thought, but still unappalled for herself. “ Yes, lady, and his blood be on your soul ! Do you hope for mercy ?” he cried, seizing her by the arm. “ Not from you.”
“ Dare you appeal to heaven ?” She would not answer. “ I must embrace thee here, lady, before we for ever part.”
“ Monster !” said Lady Margaret, seizing the dagger in his hand, as he placed his arm around her neck. “ I have already resolved that I will never survive public

infamy ; therefore I fear you not ; neither will I endure your menaces, nor your insulting and barbarous caresses. Trifle not with one who knows herself above you---who defies and derides your power. I dare to die.” And she gazed unawed at his closely locked fist. “ Stab here---stab to this heart, which, however lost and perverted, yet exists to execrate thy crimes, and to lament its own.” “ Die then---thus---thus,” said her enraged, her inhuman lover, as he struck the dagger, without daring to look where his too certain hand had plunged it. Lady Margaret shrunk not from the blow ; but fixing her dying eyes reproachfully upon him, closed them not, even when the spirit of life was gone.

Her murderer stood before her, as if astonished at what he had dared to do. “ Lie there, thou bleeding victim,” he said, at length pausing to contemplate his bloody work. “ Thou hast thought it no wrong to violate thy faith---to make

a jest of the most sacred ties. Men have been thy victims: now take the due reward of all thy wickedness. What art thou, that I should have idolized and gazed with rapture on that form?--- something even more treacherous and perverted than myself. Upon thee, traitress, I revenge the wrongs of many; and when hereafter, creatures like thee, as fair, as false, advance into the world, prepared even from childhood to make a system of the arts of love, let them, amidst the new conquests upon which they are feeding their growing vanity, hear of thy fate and tremble."

Saying these words, and flying with a rapid step, his dagger yet reeking with the blood of his victim, he entered the town of Belfont, at the entrance of which he met St. Clare, and a crowd of followers, returning from the last meeting at Inis Tara. "Hasten to the castle," he cried, addressing all who surrounded him; "sound there the alarum; for

the heir of Altamonte is found; Lady Margaret Buchanan is murdered.---Hasten there, and call for the presence of the duke; then return and meet me at the chapel, and I will restore to your gaze your long forgotten and much injured lord." The people in shouts re-echoed the mysterious words, but the darkness of evening prevented their seeing the horrid countenance of the wretch who addressed them. St. Clare alone recognised the murderer, and fled. Viviani then returned alone to the chapel.

CHAPTER CII.

THE carriage which had conveyed the Duke of Altamonte and Colonel De Ruthven from Colwood Bay could not proceed along that narrow path which led across the wood to the chapel; they were therefore compelled to alight; and, hastening on along the road with torches and attendants, they enquired repeatedly concerning the loud shouts and yells which echoed in every direction around them.

They were some little distance from the chapel, when the duke paused in horror.—The moonlight shone upon the bank, at the entrance of the beech trees; and he there beheld the figure of a female as she lay extended upon the ground, covered with blood. Her own rash

hand, he thought, had perhaps destroyed her. He approached,---it was Lady Margaret! That proud spirit, which had so long supported itself, had burst its fetters. He gazed on her in surprise.--- He stood a few moments in silence, as if it were some tragic representation he were called to look upon, in which he himself bore no part---some scene of horror, to which he had not been previously worked up, and which consequently had not power to affect him. Her face was scarce paler than usual; but there was a look of horror in her countenance, which disturbed its natural expression. In one hand, she had grasped the turf, as if the agony she had endured had caused a convulsive motion; the other was stained with blood, which had flowed with much violence. It was strange that the wound was between her right shoulder and her throat, and not immediately perceivable, as she had fallen back upon it:---it was more than strange, for it admitted little

doubt that the blow had not been inflicted by herself. Yet, if inhumanly murdered, where was he who had dared the deed? The duke knelt beside her: ---he called to her; but all mortal aid was ineffectual.

The moon-beam played amidst the foliage of the trees, and lighted the plains around:—no trace of the assassin could be observed:—the loneliness of the scene was uninterrupted. A dark shadow now became visible upon the smooth surface of the green--was it the reflection of the tree---or was it a human form? It lengthened---it advanced from the thicket. The shapeless form advanced; and the heart of man sunk before its approach; for there is none who has looked upon the murderer of his kind without a feeling of alarm beyond that which fear creates. That black shapeless mass---that guilty trembling being, who, starting at his own shadow, slowly crept forward, then paused to listen---then ad-

vanced with haste, and paused again,--- now, standing upon the plain between the beech wood and the chapel, appeared like one dark solitary spot in the lonely scene.

The duke had concealed himself; but the indignant spirit within prompted him to follow the figure, indifferent to the fate that might await on his temerity. Much he thought that he knew him by his air and Italian cloak; but as his disguise had entirely shrouded his features, he could alone indulge his suspicions; and it was his interest to watch him unperceived. He, therefore, made sign to his attendants to conceal themselves in the wood; and alone, accompanied by Colonel De Ruthven, he followed towards the chapel. There the figure paused, and seemed to breathe with difficulty, slowly turning around to gaze if all were safe:---then, throwing his dark mantle back, shewed to the face of Heaven the grim and sallow visage of

despair---the glazed sunken eye of guilt
---the bent cowering form of fear.---
“Zerbellini,” he cried, “Zerbellini,
come down.---Think me not your enemy
---I am your real friend, your preserver.
---Come down, my child. With all but
a brother’s tenderness, I wait for you.”

Arouzed by this signal, a window
was opened from an apartment adjoining
the cloister; and a boy, lovely in youth,
mournfully answered the summons. “O!
my kind protector!” he said, “I thought
you had resolved to leave me to perish
here. If, indeed, I am all you tell me---
if you do not a second time deceive me,
will you act by me as you ought? Will
you restore me to my father?” The
voice, though soft and melodious, sound-
ed so tremulously sad, that it imme-
diately awakened the deepest compassion,
the strongest interest in the duke.
He eagerly advanced forward. Colonel
De Ruthven entreated him to remain a
few moments longer concealed. He

wished to know Viviani's intention; and they were near enough to seize him at any time, if he attempted to escape.

They were concealed behind the projecting arch of the chapel; and whilst they beheld the scene, it was scarce possible that the Italian should so turn himself as to discover them. By the strong light of the moon, which stood all glorious and cloudless in the Heavens, and shone upon the agitated waves of the sea, the duke, though he could not yet see the face of the Italian, whose back was turned, beheld the features of Zerbellini—that countenance which had often excited a strange emotion in his bosom, and which now appealed forcibly to his heart, as claiming an alliance with him. Let then the ecstasy of his feelings be imagined, whilst still dubious, still involved in uncertainty and surprise. Viviani, having clasped the boy to his bosom, said in an impassioned voice these words:---“Much injured child,

thou loveliest blossom, early nipped in the very spring-time of thy life, pardon thy murderer. Thou art the heir and lord of all that the pride of man can devise; yet victim to the ambition of a false and cruel woman, thou hast experienced the chastening rod of adversity, and art now prepared for the fate that awaits thee.

“Albert,” he continued, “let me be the first to address thee by that name, canst thou forgive, say, canst thou forgive me?” “I know as yet but imperfectly,” said the boy, “what your conduct to me has been. At times I have trusted you as a friend, and considered you as a master.” “This is no time, my dear boy, for explanations---are you prepared? At least, embrace the wretch who has betrayed you. Let these tainted and polluted lips impress one last fond kiss upon thy cheek of rose, fair opening blossom, whose young heart, spotless as that of cherubims on high, has early felt

the pressure of calamity. Smile yet once on me, even as in sleep I saw thee smile, when, cradled in princely luxury, the world before thee, I hurled thee from the vanities of life, and saved thy soul. Boy of my fondest interest, come to my heart, and with thy angel purity snatch the fell murderer from perdition. Then, when we sleep thus clasped together, in the bands of death, ascend, fair and unpolluted soul, ascend in white-robed innocence to Heaven, and ask for mercy of thy God for me!"

"Wretch!" cried the duke, rushing forward:---but in vain his haste. With the strength of desperate guilt, the Italian had grasped the boy, and bearing him in sudden haste to the edge of the frightful chasm, he was on the point of throwing himself and the child from the top of it, when the duke, with a strong grasp, seizing him by the cloak, forcibly detained him.---"Wretch," he cried, "live to feel a father's vengeance!---live to...."

“To restore your son,” said Glenarvon, with a hypocritical smile, turning round and gazing on the duke. “Ha, whom do I behold! no Italian, no Viviani, but Glenarvon.” “Yes, and to me, to me alone, you owe the safety of your child. Your sister decreed his death—I sav’d him. Now strike this bosom if you will.”---“What are you? Who are you?” said the duke. “Is it now alone that you know Glenarvon?” he replied with a sneer. “I suspected this; but that name shall not save you.”---“Nothing can save me,” said Glenarvon, mournfully. “All hell is raging in my bosom. My brain is on fire. *You* cannot add to my calamities.” “Why a second time attempt the life of my child?” “Despair prompted me to the deed,” said Glenarvon, putting his hand to his head: “all is not right here---madness has fallen on me.” “Live, miserable sinner,” said the duke, looking upon him with contempt: “you are too base

to die---I dare not raise my arm against you.” “ Yet I am defenceless,” said Glenarvon, with a bitter smile, throwing the dagger to the ground. “ Depart for ever from me,” said the duke---“ your presence here is terrible to all.”

Zerbellini now knelt before his father, who, straining him closely to his bosom, wept over him.---In a moment, yells and cries were heard ; and a thousand torches illumined the wood. Some stood in horror to contemplate the murdered form of Lady Margaret ; others, with shouts of triumph, conveyed the heir of Delaval to his home. Mrs. Seymour, Mac Alain, and others, received with transport the long lost boy : shouts of delight and cheers, long and repeated, proclaimed his return. The rumour of these events spread far and wide ; the concourse of people who crowded around to hear and inquire, and see their young lord, was immense.

A mournful silence succeeded. Lady

Margaret's body was conveyed to the castle. Buchanan followed in hopeless grief: he prest the duke's hand; then rushed from his presence. He sought St. Clare. "Where is Glenarvon?" he cried. "In his blood, in his blood, I must revenge my own wrongs and a mother's death." Glenarvon was gone. One only attendant had followed him, O'Kelly, who had prepared every thing for his flight. Upon that night they had made their escape, O'Kelly, either ignorant of his master's crimes, or willing to appear so, tried severely but faithful to the last. They sailed: they reached the English shore; and before the rumour of these events could have had time to spread, Glenarvon had taken the command of his ship, following with intent to join the British fleet, far away from his enemies and his friends.

Macpherson was immediately seized. He acknowledged that Lord Glenarvon, driven to the necessity of concealing

himself, had, with Lady Margaret and Count Gondimar's assistance, assumed the name of Viviani, until the time when he appeared in his own character at St. Alvin's Priory. The rest of the confession he had privately made concerning the child was found to be true. Witnesses were called. The mother of Billy Kendall and La Crusca corroborated the fact. La Crusca and Macpherson received sentence of death.

CHAPTER CIII.

THE heart sometimes swells with a forethought of approaching dissolution ; and Glenarvon, as he had cast many a homeward glance upon his own native mountains, knew that he beheld them for the last time. Turning with sadness towards them, “ Farewell to Ireland,” he cried ; “ and may better hearts support her rights, and revenge her wrongs ! I must away. Arrived in England, he travelled in haste ; nor paused till he gained the port in which his ship was stationed. He sailed in a fair frigate with a gallant crew, and no spirit amongst them was so light, and no heart appeared more brave. Yet he was ill in health ; and some observed that he drank much, and oft, and that he started from his own thoughts ;

then laughed and talked with eagerness, as if desirous to forget them. "I shall die in this engagement," he said, addressing his first lieutenant. "Hardhead, I shall die; but I care not. Only this remember---whatever other ships may do, let the Emerald be first and last in action. This is Glenarvon's command.---Say, shall it be obeyed?"—Upon the night after Lord Glenarvon had made his escape from Ireland, and the heir of Delaval had been restored to his father, a stranger stood in the outer gates of St. Alvin Priory—It was the maniac La Crusca, denouncing woe, and woe upon Glenarvon. St. Clare marked him as she returned to the Wizzard's Glen, and, deeply agitated, prepared to meet her followers. It was late when the company were assembled. A flash of agony darted from her eyes, whilst with a forced smile, she informed them that Lord Glenarvon had disgraced himself for ever; and, lastly, had abandoned his country's cause.

“Shame on the dastard!” exclaimed one. “We’ll burn his castle,” cried another. “Let us delay no longer,” was murmured by all. “There are false friends among us. This is the night for action. To-morrow---who can look beyond to-morrow?” “Where is Cormac O’Leary?” said St. Clare. “He has been bribed to forsake us.” “Where is Cobb O’Connor?” “He is appointed to a commission in the militia, but will serve us at the moment.” “Trust not the faithless varlet: they who take bribes deserve no trust.”

“Oh, God!” cried St. Clare indignantly; “have I lived to see my country bleeding; “and is there not one of her children firm “by her to the last?” “We are all united, “all ready to stand, and die, for our liberty,” replied her eager followers. “Lead on: the hour is at hand. At the “given signal, hundreds, nay, thousands, “in every part of the kingdom, shall “rush at once to arms, and fight gallantly

“ for the rights of man. The blast of the
“ horn shall echo through the mountains,
“ and, like the lava in torrents of fire, we
“ will pour down upon the tyrants who
“ oppress us. Lead on, St. Clare: hearts
“ of iron attend you. One soul unites
“ us---one spirit actuates our desires:
“ from the boundaries of the north, to
“ the last southern point of the island,
“ all await the signal.” “ Hear it kings
“ and oppressors of the earth,” said St.
“ Clare: “ hear it, and tremble on your
“ thrones. It is the voice of the people,
“ the voice of children you have trampled
“ upon, and betrayed. What enemy is
“ so deadly as an injured friend?”

Saying this, and rushing from the applause with which this meeting concluded, she turned to the topmost heights of Inis Tara, and gazed with melancholy upon the turrets of Belfont. Splendid was the setting ray of the sun upon the western wave: calm was the scene before her: and the evening breeze blew softly

around. Then placing herself near her harp, she struck for the last time its chords. Niel Carter and Tyrone had followed her. Buchanan, and de Ruthven, Glenarvon's cousin, stood by her side. "Play again on thy harp the sweet sounds that are dear to me. Sing the songs of other days," he said. "Oh, look not sad, St. Clare: I never will abandon thee." "My name is branded with infamy," she cried: "dishonour and reproach assail me on every side. Black are the portals of hell---black are the fiends that await to seize my soul---but more black is the heart of iron that has betrayed me. Yet I will sing the song of the wild harper. I will sing for you the song of my own native land, of peace and joy, which never more must be mine."

"Hark! what shriek of agony is that?"---"I hear nothing." "It was his dying groan.---What means your altered brow, that hurried look?" It was the

sudden inspiration of despair. Her eye fixed itself on distant space in wild alarm ---her hair streamed---as in a low and hurried tone she thus exclaimed, whilst gazing on the blue vault of heaven :

“ Curs’d be the fiend’s detested art,
Impress’d upon this breaking heart.
Visions dark and dread I see.
Chill’d is the life-blood in my breast.
I cannot pause—I may not rest :
I gaze upon futurity.

“ My span of life is past, and gone :
My breath is spent, my course is done.
Oh ! sound my lyre, one last sad strain !
This hand shall wake thy chords no more.
Thy sweetest notes were breath’d in vain :
The spell that gave them power is o’er”.

“ Dearest, what visions affright you ?” said de Ruthen. “ When shall the wishes of the people be gratified ? What sudden gloom darkens over your countenance ?” said her astonished followers. “ Say, prophetess, what woe do you denounce

against the traitor?" In a low murmuring voice, turning to them, she answered:

“ When turf and faggots crackling blaze;
When fire and torch-lights dimly burn;
When kine at morn refuse to graze,
And the green leaf begins to turn;
Then shall pain and sickness come,
Storms abroad, and woes at home.
When cocks are heard to crow at ev’n,
And swallows slowly ply their wing;
When home-bound ships from port are driv’n,
And dolphins roll, and mermaids sing;
Then shall pain and sickness come,
Storms abroad, and woes at home.
When the black ox shall tread with his foot
On the green growing saplin’s tender root;
Then a stranger shall stand in Glenarvon’s hall,
And his portals shall blaze and his turrets shall fall.
Glenarvon, the day of thy glory is o’er;
Thou shalt sail from hence, but return no more.
Sound mournfully, my harp; oh, breath a strain,
More sad than that which Sion’s daughters sung,
When on the willow boughs their harps they hung,
And wept for lost Jerusalem! A train
More sorrowful before my eyes appear:
They come, in chains they come! The hour of fate
is near.

Erin, the heart's best blood shall flow for thee.
It is thy groans I hear—it is thy wounds I see.
Cold sleep thy heroes in their silent grave :
The leopard lords it o'er their last retreat.
O'er hearts that once were free and brave,
See the red banners proudly wave.
They crouch, they fall before a tyrant's feet.
The star of freedom sets, to rise no more.
Quench'd is the immortal spark in endless night :
Never again shall ray so fair, so bright,
Arise o'er Erin's desolated shore."

No sooner had St. Clare ended, than Buchanan, joining with her and the rest of the rebels, gave signal for the long expected revolt. "Burn his castle—destroy his land," said St. Clare. Her followers prepared to obey : with curses loud and repeated, they vented their execration. Glenarvon, the idol they had once adored, they now with greater show of justice despised. "Were he only a villain," said one, "I, for my part, would pardon him : but he is a coward and a hypocrite : when he commits a wrong he turns it upon another : he is a

smooth dissembler, and while he smiles he stabs." All his ill deeds were now collected together from far and near, to strengthen the violence of resentment and hate. Some looked upon the lonely grave of Alice, and sighed as they passed. That white stone was placed over a broken heart, they said: another turned to the more splendid tomb of Calantha, and cursed him for his barbarity to their lady: "It was an ill return to so much love—we do not excuse her, but we must upbraid him." Then came they to the wood, and Buchanan, trembling with horror, spoke of his murdered mother. "Burn his castles," they cried, "and execrate his memory from father to son in Belfont." St. Clare suddenly arose in the midst of the increasing crowd, and thus, to enforce her purpose, again addressed her followers:—

"England, thou hast destroyed thy sister country," she cried. "The despot before whom you bow has cast slavery

“and ruin upon us. O man—or rather
“less, O king, drest in a little brief autho-
“rity, beware, beware! The hour of retri-
“bution is at hand. Give back the pro-
“perties that thy nation has wrested from
“a suffering people. Thy fate is decreed;
“thy impositions are detected; thy word
“passes not current among us: beware!
“the hour is ripe. Woe to the tyrant who
“has betrayed his trust!”—These were
the words which Elinor uttered as she
gave the signal of revolt to her deluded
followers. It was even during the dead
of night, in the caverns of Inis Tara,
where pikes and bayonets glittered by
the light of the torch, and crowds on
crowds assembled, while yells and cries
reiterated their bursts of applause.

The sound of voices and steps ap-
proached. Buchanan, de Ruthven, and
St. Clare, parted from each other. “It
“will be a dreadful spectacle to see the
“slaughter that shall follow,” said St.
“Clare. “Brothers and fathers shall

“ fight against each other. The gather-
“ ing storm has burst from within: it
“ shall overwhelm the land. One des-
“ perate effort shall be made for free-
“ dom. Hands and hearts shall unite
“ firm to shake off the shackles of ty-
“ ranny—to support the rights of man
“ —the glorious cause of independence.
“ What though in vain we struggle---
“ what though the sun that rose so
“ bright in promise may set in darkness
“ —the splendid hope was conceived---
“ the daring effort was made; and many
“ a brave heart shall die in the sacred
“ cause. What though our successors
“ be slaves, aye, willing slaves, shall
“ not the proud survivor exult in the
“ memory of the past! Fate itself can-
“ not snatch from us that which once
“ has been. The storms of contention
“ may cease---the goaded victims may
“ bear every repeated lash; and in
“ apathy and misery may kneel before
“ the feet of the tyrants who forget

“ their vow. But the spirit of liberty
“ once flourished at least; and every name
“ that perishes in its cause shall stand
“ emblazoned in eternal splendour---glo-
“ rious in brightness, though not immor-
“ tal in success.”

CHAPTER CIV.

“HARK!” said the prophetess: “’tis the screams of despair and agony:—my countrymen are defeated:—they fall:—but they do not fly. No human soul can endure this suspense:—all is dark and terrible: the distant roar of artillery; the noise of conflict; the wild tumultuous cries of war; the ceaseless deafening fire.—Behold the rolling volumes of smoke, as they issue from the glen!—What troop of horse comes riding over the down?—I too have fought. This hand has dyed itself in the blood of a human being; this breast is pierced; but the pang I feel is not from the wound of the bayonet.—Hark! how the trumpet echoes from afar beyond the mountains.—They halt—they obey my last com-

mands—they light the beacons on the hill! Belfont and St. Alvin shall blaze; the seat of his fathers shall fall; and with their ashes, mine shall not mingle! Glenarvon, farewell! Even in death I have not forgiven thee!--Come, tardy steed, bear me once again; and then both horse and rider shall rest in peace for ever."

It was about the second hour of night when St. Clare reached Inis Tara, and stood suspended between terror and exultation, as she watched the clouds of smoke and fire which burst from the turrets of Belfont. The ranks were every where broken: soldiers in pursuit were seen in detached parties, scouring over every part of the country: the valley of Altamonte rang with the savage contest, as horse to horse, and man to man, opposed each other. The pike and bayonet glittered in the moon-beam; and the distant discharge of musketry, with the yell of triumph, and the groans of despair,

echoed mournfully upon the blast. Elinor rose upon her panting steed to gaze with eager eyes towards Belfont.

It was not the reflection of the kindling fires that spread so deathlike a hue over her lips and face. She was bleeding to death from her wounds, while her eye darted forth, as if intently watching, with alternate hope and terror, that which none but herself could see---it was a man and horse advancing with furious haste from the smoke and flames, in which he had appeared involved. He bore a lovely burthen in his arms, and shewing her Clare of Costolly as he passed. "I have fulfilled your desire, proud woman," he cried: "the castle shall burn to the earth: the blood of every enemy to his country shall be spilt. I have saved the son of Glenarvon; and when I have placed him in safety, shall de Ruthven be as dear?" "Take my thanks," said Elinor faintly, as the blood continued to flow from her wounds.

“ Bear that boy to my aunt, the Abbess of Glanàa : tell her to cherish him for my sake. Sometimes speak to him of St. Clare.

“ Now, see the flame of vengeance how it rises upon my view. Burn, fire ; burn. Let the flames ascend, even to the Heavens. So fierce and bright are the last fires of love, now quenched, for ever and for ever. The seat of his ancestors shall fall to the lowest earth---dust to dust---earth to earth. What is the pride of man ?---The dream of life is past ; the song of the wild harper has ceased ; famine, war, and slavery, shall encompass my country.

“ But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One last dying wish this sad bosom shall draw :
O, Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blessing ;
Land of my forefathers, Erin go brah.”

As she sung the last strain of the song, which the sons of freedom had learned, she tore the green mantle from her breast,

and throwing it around the head of her steed, so that he could not perceive any external object, she pressed the spur into his sides, and galloped in haste to the edge of the cliff, from which she beheld, like a sheet of fire reddening the heavens, the blazing turrets of Belfont. She heard the crash: she gazed in triumph, as millions of sparks lighted the blue vault of the heavens; and volumes of smoke, curling from the ruins, half concealed the ravages of the insatiate flame. Then she drew the horn from her side, and sounding it loud and shrill from Heremon cliff, heard it answered from mountain to mountain, by all her armed confederates. The waves of the foaming billows now reflected a blood-red light from the scorching flames.....

Three hundred and sixty feet was the cliff perpendicular from the vast fathomless ocean. "Glenarvon, hurah! Peace to the broken hearts! Nay, start not, Clarence: to horse, to horse! Thus charge;

it is for life and honour." The affrighted steed saw not the fearful chasm into which, goaded on by his rider, he involuntarily plunged. But de Ruthven heard the piercing shriek he gave, as he sunk headlong into the rushing waters, which in a moment overwhelming both horse and rider, concealed them from the view of man.

CHAPTER CV.

SHORT is the sequel of the history which is now to be related. The strong arm of power soon suppressed this partial rebellion. Buchanan was found stretched in death upon the field of battle, lovely in form even in that hour.

The Marquis of Delaval, restored to his family and fortune, soon forgot the lesson adversity had taught. In the same follies and the same vanities his predecessors had passed their days, he likewise endeavoured to enjoy the remainder of his. The Duke of Altamonte lived long enough to learn the mournful truth, which pride had once forborne to teach, the perishableness of all human strength, the littleness of all human greatness, and the vanity of every enjoyment this world can offer. Of Sophia, of Frances, of

Lady Dartford, what is there to relate? They passed joyfully with the thousands that sail daily along the stream of folly, uncensured and uncommended. Youth, beauty, and vanity, were their's: they enjoyed and suffered all the little pleasures, and all the little pains of life, and resisted all its little temptations. Lady Mandeville and Lady Augusta Selwyn fluttered away likewise each pleasureable moment as frivolously, though perhaps less innocently; then turned to weep for the errors into which they had been drawn, more humble in themselves when sorrow had chastened them. Then it was that they called to the flatterers of their prosperous days; but they were silent and cold: then it was that they looked for the friends who had encircled them once; but they were not to be found: and they learned, like the sinner they had despised, all that terror dreams of on its sick bed, and all that misery in its worst moments can conceive. Mrs. Seymour, in acts

of piety and benevolence, retired to the Garden Cottage, a small estate the Duke of Altamonte had settled on her; and she found that religion and virtue, even in this world, have their reward. The coldness, the prejudice, which, in the presumption of her heart had once given her an appearance of austerity, softened in the decline of life; and when she considered the frailty of human nature, the misery and uncertainty of existence, she turned not from the penitent wanderer who had left the right road, and spoke with severity alone of hardened and triumphant guilt. Her life was one fair course of virtue; and when she died, thousands of those whom she had reclaimed or befriended followed her to the grave.

As to the Princess of Madagascar, she lived to a good old age, though death repeatedly gave her warning of his approach. "Can any humiliation, any sacrifice avail?" she cried, in helpless alarm, seeing his continual advances. "Can I yet be saved?" she said, ad-

dressing Hoiouskim, who often by a bold attempt had hurried away this grim king of terrors. “If we were to sacrifice the great nabob, and all our party, and our followers—can fasting, praying, avail? shall the reviewers be poisoned in an *eminée*! shall—” It was hinted to the princess at length, though in the gentlest manner possible, that this time, nor sacrifice, nor spell, would save her. Death stood broad and unveiled before her. “If then I must die,” she cried, weeping bitterly at the necessity, “send with haste for the dignitaries of the church. I would not enter upon the new world without a passport; I, who have so scrupulously courted favour every where in this. As to confession of sins, what have I to confess, Hoiouskim? I appeal to you: is there a scribbler, however contemptible, whose pen I feared might one day be turned against me, that I have not silenced by the grossest flattery? Is there a man or woman of note in any kingdom that I have not cram-

med with dinners, and little attentions, and presents, in hopes of gaining them over to my side? And is there, unless the helpless, the fallen, and the idiot, appear against me, any one whom it was my interest to befriend that I have not sought for and won? What minion of fashion, what dandy in distress, what woman of intrigue, who had learned to deceive with ease, have I not assisted? Oh, say, what then are my sins, Hoiouskim? Even if self-denial be a virtue, though I have not practised it myself, have I not made you and others daily and hourly do so?" Hoiouskim bowed assent. Death now approached too near for further colloquy. The princess, pinching her attendants, that they might feel for what she suffered, fainted: yet with her dying breath again invoking the high priest: "Hoiouskim," she cried, "obey my last command: send all my attendants after me, my eider down quilts, my coffee pots, my carriages, my confectioner: and tell the cook—" As she uttered that short

but comprehensive monosyllable, she expired. Peace to her memory! I wish not to reproach her: a friend more false, a foe more timid yet insulting, a princess more fond of power, never before or since appeared in Europe. Hoiouskim wept beside her, yet, when he recovered (and your philosophers seldom die of sorrow) it is said he retired to his own country, and shrunk from every woman he afterwards beheld, for fear they should remind him of her he loved so well, and prove another Princess of Madagascar. The dead, or yellow poet was twice carried by mistake to the grave. It is further said, that all the reviewers, who had bartered their independence for the comforts and flattery of Barbary House, died in the same year as the princess, of an epidemic disorder; but of this, who can be secure? Perhaps, alas! one yet remains to punish the flippant tongue, that dared to assert they were no more. But to return from this digression.

CHAPTER CVI.

AT Allenwater the roses were yet in bloom: and the clematis and honeysuckle twined beneath the latticed windows, whilst through the flower gardens the stream of Allen flowed smooth and clear. Every object around breathed the fragrance of plants---the charms and sweets of nature. The heat of summer had not parched its verdant meads, and autumn's yellow tints had but just touched the shadowy leaf. Wearied with scenes of woe, Lord Avondale, having broken from society and friends, had retired to this retreat---a prey to the fever of disappointment and regret---wounded by the hand of his adversary, but still more effectually destroyed by the unkindness and inconstancy of his friend.

Sir Richard, before the last engagement, in which he lost his life, called at Allenwater.---“How is your master?” he said, in a hurried manner. “He is ill,” said James Collingwood. “He will rise from his bed no more.” Sir Richard pressed forward; and trembling exceedingly, entered Lord Avondale’s room.---“Who weeps so sadly by a dying father’s bed?” “It is Harry Mowbrey, Calantha’s child, the little comforter of many a dreary hour. The apt remark of enquiring youth, the joyous laugh of childhood, have ceased. The lesson repeated daily to an anxious parent has been learned with more than accustomed assiduity: but in vain. Nature at last has given way:---the pale emaciated form---the hand which the damps of death have chilled, feebly caresses the weeping boy.”

James Collingwood stood by his master’s side, his sorrowful countenance

contrasting sadly with that military air which seemed to disdain all exhibition of weakness ; and with him, the sole other attendant of his sufferings, Cairn of Coleraine, who once in this same spot had welcomed Calantha, then a fair and lovely bride, spotless in vestal purity, and dearer to his master's heart than the very life-blood that gave it vigour. He now poured some opiate drops into a glass, and placed it in the feeble hand which was stretched forth to receive it. " Ah ! father, do not leave me," said his little son, pressing towards him. " My mother looked as you do before she left me : and will you go also ? What then will become of me ?" Tears gushed into Lord Avondale's eyes, and trickled down his faded cheeks. " God will bless and protect my boy," he said, endeavouring to raise himself sufficiently to press his little cherub lips. It was like a blushing rose, placed by the hand of af-

fection upon a lifeless corpse---so healthful bloomed the child, so pale the parent stem!

“How feeble you are, dear father,” said Harry: “your arms tremble when you attempt to raise me. I will kneel by you all this night, and pray to God to give you strength. You say there is none loves you. I love you; and Collingwood loves you; and many, many more. So do not leave us.”---“And I love you too, dear, dear Harry,” cried Sir Richard, his voice nearly suffocated by his grief; “and all who knew you honoured and loved you; and curse be on those who utter one word against him. He is the noblest fellow that ever lived.” “Uncle Richard, don’t cry,” said the boy: “it grieves him so to see you. Don’t look so sad, dear father. Why is your hand so cold: can nothing warm it?” “Nothing, Harry.---Do not weep so bitterly, dear uncle.” “I have suffered agony. Now, all is peace.---God bless

you and my children." "Open your dear eyes once again, father, to look on me. Oh! Collingwood, see they are closed :---Will he not look on me ever again? My sister Annabel shall speak to him.---My dear mamma is gone, or she would sooth him.---Oh, father, if you must leave me too, why should I linger here? How silent he is!"---"He sleeps, Sir,"---"I think he does not sleep, Collingwood. I think this dreadful stillness is what every one calls death. Oh! father, look at me once more. Speak one dear word only to say you love me still." "I can't bear this," said Sir Richard, hurrying from the room. "I can't bear it."

The hour was that in which the setting sun had veiled its last bright ray in the western wave:---it was the evening of the tenth of October!!!

On the evening of the tenth of October, Glenarvon had reached the coast of Holland, and joined the British squadron under Admiral Duncan. The Dutch

were not yet in sight ; but it was known that they were awaiting the attack at a few miles distance from shore, between Camperdown and Egmont. It was so still that evening that not a breath of air rippled upon the glassy waters. It was at that very instant of time, when Avondale, stretched upon his bed, far from those scenes of glory and renown in which his earlier years had been distinguished, had breathed his last ; that Glenarvon, whilst walking the deck, even in the light of departing day, laughingly addressed his companions : “ Fear you to die ? ” he cried, to one upon whose shoulder he was leaning. “ I cannot fear. But as it may be the fate of all, Hardhead,” he said, still addressing his lieutenant, “ if I die, do you present my last remembrance to my friends.—Ha ! have I any ?—Not I, I’faith.

“ Now fill up a bowl, that I may pledge

you ; and let him whose conscience trembles, shrink. I cannot fear ;

“ For, come he slow, or come he fast,

It is but Death that comes at last.”

He said, and smiled---that smile so gentle and persuasive, that only to behold it was to love. Suddenly he beheld before him on the smooth wave a form so pale, so changed, that, but for the sternness of that brow, the fixed and hollow gaze of that dark eye, he had not recognized, in the fearful spectre, the form of Lord Avondale. “ Speak your reproaches as a man would utter them,” he said. “ Ask of me the satisfaction due for injuries ; but stand not thus before me, like a dream, in the glare of day---like a grim vision of the night, in the presence of thousands.”---The stern glazed eye moved not : the palpable form continued. Lord Glenarvon gazed till his eyes were strained with the effort, and every faculty was benumbed and overpowered.

Then fell a drowsiness over his senses which he could not conquer; and he said to those who addressed him, "I am ill:---watch by me whilst I sleep." He threw himself upon his cloak, listless and fatigued, and sunk into a heavy sleep. But his slumbers were broken and disturbed; and he could not recover from the unusual depression of his spirits. Every event of his short life crowded fast upon his memory:---scenes long forgotten recurred:---he thought of broken vows, of hearts betrayed, and of all the perjuries and treacheries of a life given up to love. But reproaches and bitterness saddened over every dear remembrance, and he participated, when too late, in the sufferings he had inflicted.

All was now profoundly still: the third watch sounded. The lashing of the waves against the sides of the ship---the gentle undulating motion, again lulled a weary and perturbed spirit to repose. Suddenly upon the air he heard a fluttering, like

the noise of wings, which fanned him while he slept. Gazing intently, he fancied he beheld a fleeting shadow pass up and down before him, as if the air, thickening into substance, became visible to the eye, till it produced a form clothed in angelic beauty and unearthly brightness. It was some moments before he could bring to his remembrance whom it resembled,---till a smile, all cheering, and a look of one he had seen in happier days, told him it was Calantha. Her hair flowed loosely on her shoulders, while a cloud of resplendent white supported her in the air, and covered her partly from his view. Her eyes shone with serene lustre; and her cheeks glowed with the freshness of health:---not as when impaired by sickness and disease, he had seen her last---not as when disappointment and the sorrows of the world had worn her youthful form---but renovated, young, and bright, with superior glory she now met his ardent

gaze ; and, in a voice more sweet than music, thus addressed him :

“ Glenarvon,” she said, “ I come not to reproach you. It is Calantha’s spirit hovers round you. Away with dread ; for I come to warn and to save you. Awake---arise, before it be too late. Let the memory of the past fade from before you : live to be all you still may be---a country’s pride, a nation’s glory ! Ah, sully not with ill deeds the bright promise of a life of fame.” As she spoke, a light as from heaven irradiated her countenance, and, pointing with her hand to the east, he saw the sun burst from the clouds which had gathered round it, and shine forth in all its lustre. “ Are you happy ?” cried Glenarvon, stretching out his arms to catch the vision, which hovered near.—“ Calantha, speak to me : am I still loved ? Is Glenarvon dear even thus in death ?”

The celestial ray which had lighted up the face of the angel, passed from before

it at these words; and he beheld the form of Calantha, pale and ghastly, as when last they had parted. In seeming answer to his question, she pressed her hands to her bosom in silence, and casting upon him a look so mournful that it pierced his heart, she faded from before his sight, dissolving like the silvery cloud into thin air. At that moment, as he looked around, the bright sun which had risen with such glorious promise, was seen to sink in mists of darkness, and with its setting ray, seemed to tell him that his hour was come, that the light of his genius was darkened, that the splendour of his promise was set for ever: but he met the awful warning without fear.

And now again he slept; and it seemed to him that he was wandering in a smooth vale, far from the haunts of men. The place was familiar to his memory:—it was such as he had often seen amidst the green plains of his native country, in the beautiful season of spring; and ever

and anon upon his ear he heard the church-bell sounding from afar off, while the breeze, lately risen, rustled among the new leaves and long grass. Fear even touched a heart that never yet had known its power. The shadows varied on the plain before him, and threw a melancholy gloom on the surrounding prospect. Again the church-bell tolled ; but it was not the merry sound of some village festival, nor yet the more sober bell that calls the passenger to prayer. No, it was that long and pausing knell, which, as it strikes the saddened ear, tells of some fellow-creature's eternal departure from this lower world : and ever while it tolled, the dreary cry of woe lengthened upon the breeze, mourning a spirit fled. Glenarvon thought he heard a step slowly stealing towards him ; he even felt the breath of some one near ; and raising his eye in haste, he perceived the thin form of a woman close beside him. In her arms she held a child, more wan than

herself. At her approach, a sudden chill seemed to freeze the life-blood in his heart.

He gazed again. "Is it Calantha?" said he. "Ah, no! it was the form of Alice." She appeared as one returned from the grave, to which long mourning and untimely woes had brought her.-- "Clarence," she said in a piercing voice, "since you have abandoned me I have known many sorrows. The God of Mercy deal not with you as you have dealt with me!" She spoke no more; but gazing in agony upon an infant which lay at her bosom, she looked up to Heaven, from whence her eyes slowly descended upon Glenarvon. She then approached, and taking the babe from her breast, laid it cold and lifeless on his heart. It was the chill of death which he felt--when, uttering a deep groan, he started up with affright.

The drops stood upon his forehead---his hands shook---he looked round him,

but no image like the one he had beheld was near. The whiteness of the eastern sky foretold the approach of day. The noise and bustle in the ship, the signal songs of the sailors, and the busy din around, told him that he had slept enough. The Dutch squadron now appeared at a distance upon the sea: every thing was ready for attack.

That day Lord Glenarvon fought with more than his usual bravery. He was the soul and spirit which actuated and moved every other. At twelve the engagement became general, every ship coming into action with its opponent. It was about four in the afternoon, when the victory was clearly decided in favour of the British flag. The splendid success was obtained by unequalled courage, and heroic valour. The result it is not for me to tell. Many received the thanks of their brave commander on that day; many returned in triumph to the country,

and friends who proudly awaited them. The Emerald frigate, and its gallant captain, prepared likewise to return; but Glenarvon, after the action, was taken ill. He desired to be carried upon deck; and, placing his hand upon his head, while his eyes were fixed, he enquired of those around if they did not hear a signal of distress, as if from the open sea. He then ordered the frigate to approach the spot whence the guns were fired. A fresh breeze had arisen: the Emerald sailed before the wind. To his disturbed imagination the same solemn sound was repeated in the same direction.—No sail appeared--- still the light frigate pursued. “Visions of death and horror persecute me,” cried Glenarvon. “What now do I behold—a ship astern! It is singular. Do others see the same, or am I doomed to be the sport of these absurd fancies? Is it that famed Dutch merchantman, condemned through all eternity to sail

before the wind, which seamen view with terror, whose existence until this hour I discredited?" He asked this of his companions; but the smile with which Glenarvon spoke these words, gave place to strong feelings of surprise and alarm.--- Foreign was the make of that ship; sable were its sails; sable was the garb of its crew; but ghastly white and motionless were the countenances of all. Upon the deck there stood a man of great height and size, habited in the apparel of a friar. His cowl concealed his face; but his crossed hands and uplifted attitude announced his profession. He was in prayer:—he prayed much, and earnestly ---it was for the souls of his crew. Minute guns were fired at every pause; after which a slow solemn chaunt began; and the smoke of incense ascended till it partially concealed the dark figures of the men.

Glenarvon watched the motions of that vessel in speechless horror; and now be-

fore his wondering eyes new forms arose, as if created by delirium's power to augment the strangeness of the scene. At the feet of the friar there knelt a form so beautiful---so young, that, but for the foreign garb and well remembered look, he had thought her like the vision of his sleep, a pitying angel sent to watch and save him.---“O flora bella,” he cried; “first, dearest, and sole object of my devoted love, why now appear to wake the sleeping dæmons in my breast---to madden me with many a bitter recollection?” The friar at that moment, with relentless hand, dashed the fair fragile being, yet clinging round him for mercy, into the deep dark waters. “Monster,” exclaimed Glenarvon, “I will revenge that deed even in thy blood.” There was no need:---the monk drew slowly from his bosom the black covering that enshrouded his form. Horrible to behold!----that bosom was gored with deadly wounds, and the black spouting streams

of blood, fresh from the heart, uncoloured by the air, gushed into the wave. "Cursed be the murderer in his last hour!---Hell waits its victim."---Such was the chaunt which the sable crew ever and anon sung in low solemn tones.

Well was it understood by Glenarvon, though sung in a foreign dialect. "Comrades," he exclaimed, "do you behold that vessel? Am I waking, or do my eyes, distempered by some strange malady, deceive me? Bear on. It is the last command of Glenarvon. Set full the sails. Bear on,---bear on: to death or to victory!--It is the enemy of our souls you see before you. Bear on—to death, to vengeance; for all the fiends of hell have conspired our ruin." They sailed from coast to coast---They sailed from sea to sea, till lost in the immensity of ocean. Gazing fixedly upon one object, all maddening with superstitious terror, Lord Glenarvon tasted not of food or refreshment.

His brain was burning. His eye, darting forward, lost not for one breathing moment sight of that terrific vision.

Madness to phrenzy came upon him. In vain his friends, and many of the brave companions in his ship, held him struggling in their arms. He seized his opportunity. "Bear on," he cried: "pursue, till death and vengeance--" and throwing himself from the helm, plunged headlong into the waters. They rescued him; but it was too late. In the struggles of ebbing life, even as the spirit of flame rushed from the bands of mortality, visions of punishment and hell pursued him. Down, down, he seemed to sink with horrid precipitance from gulf to gulf, till immured in darkness; and as he closed his eyes in death, a voice, loud and terrible, from beneath, thus seemed to address him:

"Hardened and impenitent sinner! the measure of your iniquity is full: the

price of crime has been paid : here shall your spirit dwell for ever, and for ever. You have dreamed away life's joyous hour, nor made atonement for error, nor denied yourself aught that the fair earth presented you. You did not controul the fiend in your bosom, or stifle him in his first growth : he now has mastered you, and brought you here : and you did not bow the knee for mercy whilst time was given you : now mercy shall not be shewn. O, cry upwards from these lower pits, to the friends and companions you have left, to the sinner who hardens himself against his Creator---who basks in the ray of prosperous guilt, nor dreams that his hour like your's is at hand. Tell him how terrible a thing is death ; how fearful at such an hour is remembrance of the past. Bid him repent, but he shall not hear you. Bid him amend, but like you he shall delay till it is too late. Then, neither his arts, nor talents, nor

his possessions, shall save him, nor friends, though leagued together more than ten thousand strong; for the axe of justice must fall. God is just; and the spirit of evil infatuates before he destroys."

THE END.

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